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E MAN WITH IRON SHOES

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY

The Man with Iron Shoes

AND OTHER SERMONS TO THE
JUNIOR CONGREGATION

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BY

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WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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TO MY DAUGHTER

Barbara

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

THE very kindly reception accorded his first volume of children's sermons, *Fifty-two Story Talks to Boys and Girls*, has led the author to believe that there is a public for this second volume.

The place and purpose of the *Children's Sermons* were fully discussed in the foreword of the first volume. The author would only add here that the sermons contained in this book have all been preached to the children of his congregation, and their effectiveness has therefore had a fair practical test. The eagerness with which they were listened to by young and old alike leads to the hope that they may reach other children as well.

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY.

Winchester, Massachusetts.

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LITTLE JESUS

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think up *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas clear and blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?

LITTLE JESUS

And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?
So a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."
And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

I

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

THE people who live in far-off India have a story which shows how foolish people are who think that the things which would make them happy are at the other end of the world.

The story runs like this : Once upon a time there was a farmer who had a comfortable farm on which he and his family lived happily together until one day a traveller came along, and told the farmer that he could get thousands of diamonds by going to a certain distant country. The farmer sold his farm, bade good-bye to his friends and started off in search of the land of diamonds.

Not long after he had departed the man who bought this man's farm was giving his camel a drink at a spring near the house. While the camel was pushing away the sand

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

with his nose in order to drink more easily the new owner saw something sparkle beneath the water. He picked it up, and it proved to be a valuable diamond. He went on searching in the spring and found many other diamonds. From the sale of these precious stones he soon became a wealthy man.

Years went by, and none heard of the man who had gone in quest of the land of diamonds. People had given him up for dead. But one day there came into the village a weather-beaten stranger whose clothes were travel-stained and ragged. The man was stooped, and his face was lined with disappointment. At first none recognised in him their neighbour of years ago who had sold his farm and had gone afar to search riches. Then he told who he was, and soon learned what had happened in his home village while he was gone. He found how the other man had discovered diamonds on his old farm, how his family had all died, how his other friends had grown rich and happy in

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

their family life while remaining at home. On the other hand he had to confess that while he had wandered friendless over the earth these long years, had put up with hardship and had spent all, he had not found the diamonds for which he had gone in search. Worn out, he had only strength enough to creep home to die.

There is another story that tells how another man was wiser than this one who had travelled so far in search of wealth. He is called "Will o' the Mill," and some day you must get your parents to read you the story. Will lived with friends by a mill in the mountains, and used to see strangers passing down the hill in the same direction as the water ran, after it had turned his mill-wheel. When Will was a young man he thought how fine it would be to follow the stream of water and of people down to the great beautiful world beyond the hills. And sometimes he would stand on a hill-top and gaze longingly in the direction of the valley and the city.

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

But one day, while walking down the hill he met an old man slowing toiling up. This pilgrim had strange-looking shoes upon his feet, and Will asked him what it meant. The old man told him that the soles of these shoes were made of iron, and that he had worn out several such pairs of shoes in tramping the world over in search of contentment. But he had not found it.

That set Will to thinking, and it seemed to him that he could find happiness just as quickly up there in his mountain-home as by wearily tramping out into the world for it. And so he settled down to enjoy what he had, instead of thinking how much better off he would be if he were somewhere else and had the things which he did not have. By doing this he found happiness.

We would be wise if we profited by Will's experience and were content with what we have instead of thinking, like the diamond-seeker and the man with the iron shoes, that we should be happy if we possessed the things that are far-off. Some children have

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

roller-skates, but as soon as they see another child with a roller-coaster they think they cannot be happy until they, too, have a roller-coaster. Some have ice skates, but when they see some other child with a sled they can no longer be happy in their skates. They must have a sled also. Many children make themselves thoroughly unhappy in this way by spending their time longing for the things they have not. There is plenty of fun waiting for them if they would use the things they have. When you are tempted to be unhappy over what you have not, think of the diamond-seeker and the man with the iron shoes, then try to settle down like "Will o' the Mill" and be happy in what you have.

II

THE BOY WHO TOLD THE TRUTH

ONCE upon a time a boy saw a sign in a shop window, and on it was printed "BOY WANTED." He went in and applied for the job.

The man said to him, "Do you like work, my boy?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Oh," said the shop-keeper, "I want a boy who likes work."

"There aren't any such boys," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, there are," said the man.

"How do you know?" said the boy.

"Because there have been several here this morning who said they did."

"I might have said so, too," replied the boy, "but it would have been a lie."

The man gave him the job.

III

THE LEGEND OF THE LAZY MAN

THERE is a story about Christ and His disciples which you will not find in the Bible. But it has such a fine lesson in it that I think it might well have been put beside other New Testament stories.

It is said that one day Christ with His twelve followers was passing through a very stony field. The Master noticed that the soil was very rich, but that the field was not tilled because of the stones scattered so thickly over its surface. Christ said, "What a shame that this rich soil is going to waste, and all for the sake of some one to pick these stones. Let each of us carry off as many as he can as we pass through." All the men except one readily picked up as many stones as he could carry. This man hunted about to find as small a stone as possible, and when

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

he found a mere pebble, he carried it off with him.

When the disciples reached the other side of the field they threw the stones into a pile. It was noon, and time for something to eat. They were all hungry, but none of the company had brought anything to eat. Christ then turned into loaves of bread the stones the men had carried off the field, and gave to each man as his meal the bread made from the stone he had carried. Of course, the man who had carried the largest stone got the largest loaf. But the man who carried off the pebble got a very small meal.

Toward evening Christ and the disciples were passing through the field again, and this time also they carried off some of the stones. The man who before had carried off the pebble thought that he would not be caught this time, and although he had no heart in clearing the field he picked up the largest stone he could find.

When they came to the edge of the field, he expected Christ to turn the stones into

LEGEND OF THE LAZY MAN

bread, as before. But Christ said: "Now we will cast these stones into the river. The man who works only for reward should receive none."

IV

ENTERTAINING ANGELS

SAINT PAUL tells us to be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. I am sure that if any boy or girl suspected that a stranger who came to his door was an angel in disguise, and had his wings tucked away under his clothes somewhere, he would give him a royal welcome to his home. But angels do not let you know that they are angels until you take them in and treat them like angels. When Paul spoke of finding an angel under the clothes of a stranger it was only another way of urging us to be kind to all men, no matter how strange their dress or their speech.

If Paul were living in America to-day he would feel badly when he heard American boys and girls call foreigners "Dagos,"

ENTERTAINING ANGELS

"Wops," "Hunkies," and "Sheenies." I think I can hear him say to you something like this: "Be careful, boys and girls, how you treat these strangers who come knocking at your doors here in America seeking a home among you. They have queer faces and clothes and manners, but underneath these you will often find an angel hiding." For what is an angel in disguise? Is it not any one who is willing to do a kind deed for another?

Not long ago there sat together two men on a bench at Ellis Island, the great gateway into our country through which these people come. One was well dressed in American clothes, had an intelligent face, held his head erect, and looked well-to-do. The other was poorly clothed, his face was stupid, and he spoke in a low voice with his head bowed to the earth. Those two men were brothers. The well-dressed man had been in this country for some years and had gone to meet his brother, who had just landed from Russia, where he had been ill-

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

used by the Government. The intelligent man said to a friend, "What do you think of my brother? He looks like a monkey, doesn't he?" Yet he himself had looked no better when he came to this "land of the free."

Thousands of men and women who come to our country look like this ignorant man through no fault of their own. And yet when they are given a welcome they repay it with gratitude. In a city in Ohio the people were trying to raise money to build a Young Men's Christian Association, and eight hundred of these foreigners came forward and gave from two to three dollars apiece to show their gratitude for the welcome America had given them.

Let me tell you another story of their gratitude. A foreign-born priest gave a Memorial Day address in a cemetery in Pennsylvania where some of the heroes of our Civil War are buried. When he got through he said: "I deem it my holiest duty to kiss the ground upon which your heroic

ENTERTAINING ANGELS

fathers shed their blood and in which their bones are laid to rest." Then he and all his people knelt and kissed the ground, and he offered a prayer for America. When he rose, he said: "Glory to the dead soldiers, and prosperity to the American people."

They know how to show kindness to Americans, too. A missionary came to a Russian immigrant's door one night away out in the prairies of the Northwest and asked for shelter over night. They opened the door at once and welcomed him as guest. Their home had only one room in it for a family of six, but they made him a bed on a bench and two chairs. At dawn all the family were up; and before they began the day's work they faced the morning sun, knelt in prayer, read a portion of the Bible, and sang a simple hymn.

Surely we cannot call such good-hearted and patriotic Americans as these by disrespectful names. We ought rather to remember Christ's blessing when He said, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

V

THE CHRISTENING GIFT

LONG, long ago the fairies came to a birthday christening of a little child. When they arrived and looked at the child in the cradle they saw that Fate had been cruel to her, for she had made her neither beautiful, nor rich, nor clever, nor even lucky.

"We ought to do something," said one fairy, who had a sense of justice in her kind little heart.

"What could we do to offset all these other misfortunes?" said another.

"I know," cried a third: "Let us give the child a sense of humour. With that she can twist every misfortune until it loses the power of its curse."

And so they gave the child the gift of humour, and although she was never beautiful, nor rich, nor clever, nor lucky, and al-

THE CHRISTENING GIFT

though many misfortunes came to her in life, she could always see a funny side to things. Her laughter became like the music of running brooks and her face like sunshine in June. The rich, the beautiful, the clever, and the lucky sought her out and loved her company. And so it chanced, as years passed by, that she perceived the gift of the fairies was better than any gift of fortune.

I am sure you have all heard of King Midas, the king who turned to gold everything he touched. That is what a sense of humour does for boys and girls. It helps them to get sunshine out of the cloudiest situation.

Flies seek out the sunshine. So do people. If you want to have companions, be happy-spirited.

“Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.”

There are some people whose faces remind one of the cold, shady, north side of

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

a house with the shades of the windows all drawn down. People keep away from them. You never see boys and girls about their yard or clustering on the door-step, and these people wonder why they are so lonesome.

Christ was of a sunny, attractive nature, and men, women, and children enjoyed being with Him. You must not think that because the Bible says He was a man of sorrows, that He was a sad man. No, indeed. Wherever Jesus went the people wished Him to stay longer, because He brought sunshine with Him. He went to weddings and dinners, and you may be sure the guests were glad when they knew that Jesus was to be there. He was so popular with people that His enemies said He was a friend of the rowdies and the bad people. So He was, but that does not mean He was *like* them. He loved boys and girls, because children's hearts are nearly always sunny. He loved sunshine and birds and flowers, and was constantly telling people

THE CHRISTENING GIFT

not to worry or be afraid, but to be happy-hearted like the birds.

I know some people think that Christians should wear long faces and be doleful creatures. But such people as these are not what Jesus intended His followers to be. There is no one in the world who should be as happy-hearted as the Christian, and every boy and girl who becomes a follower of Christ should be like the child the fairies blessed, a ray of sunshine wherever he goes.

VI

THE CITY IN A WHEAT-FIELD

IF you ever go to England I hope you will visit one of the most beautiful and interesting counties in the island, that is, Shrewsbury.

One of the interesting things you will find in Shrewsbury town is a church which has in it a marvellous stained-glass window which pictures, in the form of a tree, all the generations from Adam to Christ, with Adam at the root and Christ as the topmost branch.

But it is not of the church nor the window that I wish to speak to you. It is of a city in a wheat-field which I saw when I was in Shrewsbury.

It was in the month of July, and the fields were waving their banners of green and gold as my friend took me out into the country. Finally, we came to a stop near

THE CITY IN A WHEAT-FIELD

what seemed to be a stone wall of a ruined building, standing in a field of wheat. And what do you suppose it proved to be? It was part of one of the buildings of an ancient Roman city. It had stood there in all probability over eighteen hundred years, a reminder of the time when the Romans conquered the fierce tribes of Britain.

My friend and I climbed up to the top of the old wall, and you could never guess what we saw from there as we looked out over the wheat-field? It was the streets of that old Roman city that had fallen into ruins centuries ago. "But," you say, "how could you tell where the streets were, if all the houses had fallen into ruin and had disappeared?"

Quite right. But that is just the point of the story, and the lesson I want you to take away. In that field of wheat nearly all the grain was sturdy and tall and still green. But wherever a Roman street had run in the old days there the grain was short and thin and yellow. And so in every

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

direction from where we stood these yellow streaks ran out amongst the green like spokes from the hub of a wheel. And so the map of the city was drawn in lines of poor, sickly, yellow grain:

I wonder, now, if that does not call to your minds something that Christ said about sin doing exactly for a child's heart what those hard Roman streets did for that wheat.

You all remember the Parable of the Sower in which Jesus told how when the sower went forth to sow, some of the seeds fell upon a path across the field, and they never came to anything. The ground in that road was once soft and fruitful just like the rest of the field, but workmen began to cut across the field on their way home from work. Then boys and girls went that way to school. People soon took this short-cut to church, and lovers would come home that way from the village. By and by the soft and yielding soil was beaten hard by the patter of many feet, and nothing would grow there.

THE CITY IN A WHEAT-FIELD

So, Christ said, is the human heart. The first time we let an evil thought cross it we begin a path. Soon another evil thought or evil deed passes that way. It may be pride. It may be a lie. It may be fretfulness. It matters not, it soon hardens our heart so that it is difficult for the seeds of truth, kindness, love, meekness, and patience, which Christ would sow in our heart to grow there. People begin to say then that we are hardened, or hard-hearted, and all these foot-paths of sin show clearly like the streets of that Roman city, because of the sickly, yellow virtues that come straggling up out of our hearts.

Remember, boys and girls, evil habits are making paths in your hearts. When you are tempted to form a bad habit think of the city in the wheat-field, and its hardened streets of sickly grain.

VII

THE FLOWER-GARDEN IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY

IN the city of London, England, is a street known as the King's Highway. It was not always there, and when part of it was cut through the city, many houses were torn down to make room for it. After the buildings were taken away a fence was built at either end of the street to keep people from passing through until the paving was laid and the side-walks put in order.

The street remained closed all summer, and when the sunshine and rain fell upon the ground beautiful flowers began to spring up where the houses had stood for centuries. These flowers were not like the other flowers of England, and botanists and florists came from all parts of the country to see this strange flower-garden in the King's Highway.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN

They puzzled over it for a long time, but could not make out where the seeds of these flowers came from, for no one had planted them there. Finally, someone remembered that he had seen flowers like these growing in Italy. Then the secret was out, and all was made clear. When the Romans conquered Britain, many hundreds of years ago, they had brought with them from Italy the seeds of plants like these. When London was built some of the houses stood over flower-gardens where those Italian flowers grew.

The seeds lay in the dark, dry ground under the houses all these years, but when the buildings were removed and the sun shone in once more and the gentle rains fell, they awoke from their long sleep and sprang into life.

I sometimes think that the good things lie buried deep down in our hearts just like those flower seeds. They are buried up by bad habits and by sins big and little, until one must dig down a great way to find them.

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But once you remove the rubbish and let God's sunlight into the heart these good thoughts and good desires spring into life once more and blossom like a garden.

There was once a woman who lived in New York. She had forgotten all the lessons her mother had taught her when a girl in her childhood home in the green hills of Vermont. But one night they sent home to her the flowers that stood on the pulpit in the little mission during the Sunday service. In that bouquet was a flower like those which used to grow in her mother's doorway many years before.

As the woman gazed upon it her mind went back to her girlhood home and her mother's prayers, and she stood face to face in memory with all those childhood teachings. Her heart melted, tears came to her eyes, and she decided then and there to live a better life. The awful rubbish of years was cleared away. Then the light of heaven shone into her heart, and God sent his showers of blessing. It wasn't long before

THE FLOWER-GARDEN

those seeds sown by her mother in her childhood heart wakened and blossomed into life just as those flowers in the King's Highway.

There is an old hymn which says :

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

It is better not to let evil habits and sins bury the good seeds in our hearts. But when we do, let us always remember that God sent Christ into the world to clear away the rubbish of sin, and let the good spring into life. If we are sorry for our sin and ask Christ to help us, then, as the Bible says, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall spring up the myrtle tree."

VIII

THE RATTLESNAKE'S SPECTACLES

I SUPPOSE that very few of you children have ever seen a rattlesnake. The next time you go to a zoological garden you must ask to be shown the rattlesnake cage. You will then notice that this snake has a series of rings, something like a layer-cake, on the end of his tail. These are his rattles, and when he shakes his tail these rattles make a noise. A rattlesnake is very fair, for he always shakes his rattle to give people warning, before he strikes.

But scientists tell us that he gives less warning at some periods of the year than others. They say he is most savage when he is changing his spectacles. You will be astonished, I know, to learn that a rattlesnake wears spectacles, but it is true. His spectacles consist of a thin layer of skin

RATTLESNAKE'S SPECTACLES

which he changes for a new one every year. When the snake is changing his spectacles he is almost blind, for the new layer of skin comes on before the old one has gone off.

Now, it is because he cannot see very well that the rattlesnake is so savage. He strikes out at the least sign of danger and is very ferocious.

I have thought that people are somewhat like rattlesnakes, too. The less they see and know of other people the fiercer they strike at them. I don't mean that they strike with their hands, although some boys and girls even do that. Most boys and girls strike at others with their tongues, by saying mean things about them. That is also very snake-like. Some one once said to Charles Lamb, "Why do you hate that man so, you don't know him?" "Of course I don't know him," said Lamb. "If I did, I wouldn't hate him."

Don't you think that is true of you and me? If we really, really *knew* that other

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

boy and girl, we should not dislike him so. There is a French proverb which says, "To know all is to forgive all." If we knew all the difficulties that boy endures at home, and how that girl grieves over her faults and how hard she is trying to overcome them we should be more kindly in our judgment.

And is it not because God knows all about us that He is so patient with us and so tender in His judgment of us? The Bible says: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

"There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given."

Let us not be like the blind rattlesnake striking out in the dark at everybody, just because we cannot see. Let us try to make excuses for the failures of others. We shall never be sorry that we were kind in judging people.

IX

THE DILLY-DALLY FAMILY

I WONDER if any of you boys and girls ever met any members of the Dilly-Dally Family? You will not find their names in the City Directory, and they are not given in the telephone book, but there are a great many members in this family, and some of them live on each street.

Perhaps you will know them if I describe them to you. Well, to begin with, I must tell you something of the family history, for when you know what a person's grandfather and grandmother are like you can understand the grandchildren better. The grandfather on the father's side was Don't-Care Dilly-Dally and he married Elsie Easy-Going. It is said that when their wedding day came they were to be married in church, and one of them was twenty-

minutes late, and the other an hour. On the mother's side the grandfather's name was Never-Worry Makeshift and he married Dorothy Don't-Care. It is said of this couple that they have their meals whenever they happen, and their house always reminds one of topsy-turvydom. They had one child, Myrtle Makeshift, and she married Wait-a-Minute Dilly-Dally. And it is from the Dilly-Dally and the Makeshift marriage that we get all the Dilly-Dallys to-day.

Willie Dilly-Dally is known by the fact that when he is called in the morning he never, never gets up at once, but always wants a little longer to sleep. He is usually late for breakfast, and even then tries to come to the table without washing his face and hands or combing his hair. And they say he seldom has his shoe-laces tied. Dorothy Dilly-Dally generally looks as if she had just picked herself up from tumbling down stairs. Her clothes are put on any way it happens. Her skirt never comes

THE DILLY-DALLY FAMILY

up to her waist, and usually gapes in the back. Her hair is always untidy and touselled up. She is nearly always late for school, late for church, late in fact for *everything*.

I believe some of you boys and girls know part of the Dilly-Dally family, now that I have described them to you. Of course, they don't always go by the Dilly-Dally name. You can find members of the family in homes where there is an entirely different name on the door. I once knew a young woman who was a member of the Dilly-Dally family. She didn't go by that name, but she was a Dilly-Dally just the same. She taught a class in Sunday school where I was superintendent, and each Sunday, just after we had all got nicely settled down to study the lesson, she would burst into the room, late as usual, and attract the attention of four hundred boys and girls while she walked over to her class and began her work. Of course she was thoughtless and selfish. All the Dilly-Dallys are, because they steal

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

time from other people by always making their friends wait for them.

The Dilly-Dallys do not make much of a success in life, and if you know any of the family in your home I would advise you to get rid of them as quickly as possible.

X

THE FOX WHO FROZE HIS TAIL

ONCE upon a time, so runs an ancient fable, a fox sat by a hole in the ice on a pond. He was waiting for a fish to come to the surface, for he was hungry. But while he sat there he became so interested in his fishing that he did not realise that his tail had frozen to the ice.

By and by a hunter came along, and the fox sprang to his feet to be off, but his tail held him fast. He tugged so hard to get free that he left his tail sticking in the ice.

When he got to a place of safety he felt very much ashamed for having been so stupid, and thought what fun the other animals would make of him when they saw him without his tail. So he decided to make up a story in order to hide his disgrace. When he met the other animals next day he

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told them that he had been off on a visit to some city-cousins of his, and bob-tails were the latest style for animals. He told the other foxes, and wolves, and weasels how they could get rid of their tails as he had done.

The result was that all the animals in that section became bob-tailed in order to be in style, and the fox grinned to himself as he thought of the clever trick he had played on them.

That is an animal story, and one would naturally think that people would be wiser than animals. But not a bit of it. There are people who do just as foolish things as those animals for the sake of being in style.

I heard of a Frenchman up in Canada who built himself a house, and one of the boards in the front door had a knot-hole in it. And every other Frenchman who built a house in that neighbourhood bored a hole in his front door in order to be exactly like the first Frenchman.

Of course the first Frenchman did not

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want the knot-hole in his door, any more than the fox wanted to be bob-tail. But people like to imitate others, no matter what they do. And usually such people imitate the bad things, for these attract the most attention. I have known boys learn to swear, not because they thought it was necessary or wise, but simply because some other boy did it, and they thought it was a smart thing to do. I have known other boys smoke, use slang, and stay away from church, not because it was the best thing to do, but because they wanted to imitate some one else. By doing those things they were not as attractive as before, just as the animals who lost their tails, and the doors with the holes in them, but they did them to be in style.

Girls often imitate the unattractive things in other girls just because it happens to be the style. I know girls who powder their faces until they look as if they had come out of a flour-barrel. They had beautiful red cheeks underneath, and would have looked

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much simpler and sweeter without the powder, but they put it on because some other girl did it to hide a poor complexion. In the same way other girls deceive their mothers, put on airs, dress unbecomingly, get poor marks in school just because some one else does it. We call such people faddists.

Whenever you are tempted to do these foolish things think of the fable of the fox and of the Frenchman. The Bible speaks of people who are always running after some new thing. Don't be one of them.

XI

THE PHANTOM SHIP

ALL boys and girls are interested in ghost stories. They like to sit around a fireplace in the evening with lights turned down and the dark shadows of the room looking like the mouths of great black caves ready to swallow up any venturesome boy, and listen to tales about these strange white figures that flit about at night, making moaning sounds.

The story I am going to tell is not about a human ghost. This ghost was a ship, and the story goes like this. In the early days of our country when there was only a little colony of white people in New England there was a ship that sailed out of one of their ports for a journey across the sea. The vessel never reached her destination; she was never heard of afterwards. But one

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pleasant summer afternoon long after, the story goes on to say, the New England people were standing by the sea when they saw a vessel approach the shore which they knew by its build and rigging to be the missing ship. It drew nearer and nearer until every line of the rigging could be clearly seen and even the faces of those on board were distinct. Then suddenly the vision faded, the sails melted into cloud, the masts were lost in the mist-lines of the sky, the hull disappeared beneath the waters. The phantom-ship was no more.

You boys and girls do not send off real ships on a real sea like those people of New England, and yet every day you are sending off ships with fleecy white sails, and you stand on the shore waiting for them to return, just as those people long ago.

These ships you sail are called hopes and expectations. Sometimes they come back loaded down with the things you want, and sometimes they were shipwrecked. The ghost of these hopes comes sailing along

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some fine afternoon and you think that your ship has come back after all. Then suddenly it fades into thin air, and you are left alone with your disappointment.

Do you know, there is nothing that tells more what sort of stuff boys and girls are made of than the way they take their disappointments, as their little ships melt away and never come into port.

Here is a boy who has been promised that his father will take him to a ball game, but when the day comes his father has a business engagement and must disappoint him. Here is a girl who has been promised a new hat for a certain party, and sickness prevents her mother from getting to the store to buy the hat. And so this boy's and girl's ship of hope fades away like that phantom ship. What will they do about it? Sulk the rest of the day, get angry and think bitter thoughts about father and mother? That makes the shipwreck worse still. Or will they think how fortunate they are to have a father and mother at all, even though these

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must disappoint them at times? I have seen a baby cry because it broke its five-cent tin horn. Of course, boys and girls your age know how foolish it is for a baby to let a little thing like that wreck his happiness, for *you* know how many other playthings he has.

I wonder if grown-ups do not think that you boys and girls are just as foolish as you think the baby is when you sulk over expectations that haven't come true. They know that you have a healthy body, a good home, the flowers, the birds, and the sunshine to enjoy, and so although one little ship of hope is wrecked they know that you have an entire fleet of gold-laden vessels just coming into the port.

XII

HOW LITTLE THINGS COUNT

I SUPPOSE nearly all you boys and girls have begun arithmetic in school. Probably you do not call it by that long name, for that is hard to understand. You call it rather addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. You know, however, that if you make a mistake at the beginning of a sum it follows you all the way through. And the answer will not come out right just because of that little mistake at the beginning when you counted a three instead of a four.

As you grow older you will see how it is just the same in the great sum of life. Little mistakes that do not look very important follow right along after you and you can't seem to shake them off. Perhaps years after life comes out wrong just because of a mistake made long ago. I have known a boy to

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land in jail who began years before by telling a lie to his mother. So you see little things are important.

Let me tell you two stories to show you what I mean. A boy was once out camping with a company for a week, and one Saturday night a man came down to the camp from a nearby city to stay with the boys over Sunday. That night around the campfire one of the boys told a story that he should not have told, and another boy made some remark about it that would not have been fit for his mother to hear. He was ashamed of it just after he had said it, and he hoped the man from the city would not remember it. But the last thing which that man remembered in thinking of this boy was his remark.

Not long after that the man was on a committee of three to recommend some one for a place of promotion. The boy applied for the place. But the man remembered that remark and would not recommend him, so he failed to get the position.

HOW LITTLE THINGS COUNT

It seemed like a little thing for that boy to pass that remark, but you see how far it followed him, and how dear it cost him.

I know another boy who was riding on a street car and the conductor passed him without asking for his fare, and the boy could easily have stolen a ride. But when the conductor came around again the boy stopped him and gave him his nickel. He did not know there was any one watching him, but there was. A gentleman saw the whole performance and was waiting to see what that boy would do. He gave him a position in his office on account of his honesty, and the boy has now grown into a man of honour and influence.

I have called this sermon "How Little Things Count," but, boys and girls, there *are* no little things. You never know how far some thing you do is going to follow you. And remember that although no human eye may see you, the eye of God does. Live each day in His sight.

XIII

THE SCOUT AND HIS KIT

THERE was a boy scout up in Vermont not long ago who was planning to go off with his company on a hike and camping trip of a week. Three weeks before the time for the hike, the scout-master gave the boys a list of the things each boy would need to take with him in his kit. Among the things mentioned was a tooth brush.

Soon after the list was given out the mother of one of the boys noticed that his tooth brush was missing, and that he had not been taking proper care of his teeth. On inquiring of him she found that he had the tooth brush packed safely away in his kit, waiting for the camping trip to begin! He was looking forward to that hike and was thinking nothing of his teeth in the meantime.

THE SCOUT AND HIS KIT

He is not the only boy who has made a mistake like that. There are boys who are looking forward to being a doctor or lawyer, a minister or teacher, a business man or superintendent some day, and they get so excited about the great things they are going to do when they grow up that they forget about the months and years of study and preparation in the meantime.

They expect just to *grow* or *drift* into a successful man. But life does not work out that way. The boy who packs his kit and sits down to wait for success is going to be sadly disappointed some day.

The man who is a successful railroad superintendent to-day did not pack his kit twenty years ago and wait for a position to open up. He went into the shops and learned all about engines. Then became an engineer or fireman, then a conductor, and so on, until he knew the business thoroughly. After those years of hard preparation he became superintendent.

I frequently hear men talking about the

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luck that other men have. There is such a thing as luck, boys, but in nine cases out of ten if you look back of what men call good luck you will find years of hard work.

Don't depend upon luck to help you on in the world. Boys who begin that way usually come to no good end. Look forward to the great camping trip of life, but keep your tooth brush in operation until the day arrives. In other words, work, and work hard.

XIV

THE SAVAGE IN THE BOY

MY sermon to-day is for the boys. It grew out of something I saw the other day when I was out making parish calls. What do you think it was? I'll tell you. I saw a gang of boys chasing another gang until they ran them all up onto the doorstep of the home of one of the boys.

I can hear you say, "Well, what of that? That sort of thing occurs every day." This is what I got out of it. Those boys were just repeating history. They were showing in a small way what used to happen when savage tribes used to chase other tribes and take their scalps if they could get them. What I saw was the savage coming to life again in the boy. There are other things about a boy which show what an old curi-

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osity shop a boy is. There, for instance, is his fear of the dark. That goes back to the days when a savage might get scalped if he ventured outside his wigwam at night. Then there is the love of fire of which many a bonfire could tell, and that goes away back to many a campfire of our ancestors when the game was being roasted for the evening meal. And how about hunting and fishing? Does that not go back to the savage days when the savage man went out in search of food? I am sure that the swimming-hole on a fine warm spring day is more attractive than a stuffy, droning schoolroom, because there is in your blood the voice of your savage ancestors who delighted to take their spears under the free air of heaven and get game from the unseen depths of lake and stream. Every boy is a wild savage some time during his way to manhood.

But the boy must outgrow the savage if he is ever to become a man, and the finest mark of manhood is not in being able to vote but even before you vote, to be a good

THE SAVAGE IN THE BOY

citizen consists in obeying those over you and being loyal to your city.

When a Greek youth took the oath of citizenship he stood in a temple overlooking the city of Athens and the country beyond and said: "I will never desert these sacred arms nor desert my companions in the ranks. I will fight for temples and public property, both alone and with many. I will transmit my fatherland not only not less but greater and better than it was transmitted to me. I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may unanimously hereafter make. And if any person seeks to amend the laws or set them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him and will defend them both alone and with many. I will honour the religion of my fathers." . . .

When a boy goes about the city destroying property, littering up the streets, "rough-housing" on the street corners, teasing policemen and breaking the law he is

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just an untamed savage no matter how old he is, nor how good the home he comes from. The mark of a man is the mark of responsibility. Don't be a gangster, a savage and a rough, be a citizen.

XV

DOG LOYALTY

ONE of the best dog stories I have ever read appeared recently in "The Youth's Companion." It is as good as those two great dog stories which you all must read "Rab and His Friends" and "Bob Son of Battle."

The story tells how a company of actors which was going about the country giving the old play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came one sultry summer day to a little town in Arizona. They intended to give a performance in the opera house that evening. But when they got off the train they found that the theatre had just burned, and so they could not carry out their plans. They decided, therefore, to go on to the next town.

As they were loading their belongings on the train a man at the station noticed with the company two Great Dane dogs and

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a pup, and bought the two dogs. He did not care for the pup, for it looked sickly, so it was left on the station platform.

The pup, finding itself alone, struck off across the prairie in search of a home. Now it is a well-known fact that a Great Dane dog will not attach itself to everyone, but when it finds some one it likes it will stick to him loyally through every difficulty. This pup found several people on its way across the country, but although it was almost choking with thirst and near starvation it would not follow them.

But one day it came across a man lying asleep in the grass. It looked at him, took a liking to him, and finally threw itself down beside him. The man proved to be a miner who had been working for a mining company, but since he fancied that he had not been treated right by the company he had been keeping back some of the gold nuggets. When he awoke and saw the dog he was angry, and threw stones at it. But the dog followed him to his shack. The man

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would give it no food, and again tried to drive it away.

The next morning the young man set out again in search of gold. During his absence an officer of the company rode up on horse-back, and was about to break into the hut. The pup would not let him enter. As the man rode up the dog looked like a half-starved weak-hearted cur, but when he tried to pass him a look came into the pup's eyes that meant danger. The man beat him with a club, but the pup would not be driven off, and finally he had to ride off without entering the shack.

At evening the owner of the shack came back. The dog was there to greet him. The young man was astonished to find the dog battered and bleeding. On examining the ground he found a stranger's foot-prints about the shanty. He went in, and found his papers and nuggets in their proper place. Then the truth flashed upon him. This pup which he had treated so cruelly had protected his property at the risk of its own

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life. He called the pup in, fed it and cared for its wounds, and gave it the best he had.

Then he sat down to think. He said to himself that the company for which he had been working had not treated him fairly, "but," he asked himself, "if a dog can be loyal to me after I have treated it the way I have this pup ought I not to be loyal to the company?"

He went back to his employers next day and began to make good what he had stolen.

This story is a sermon in itself. I hope it will teach kindness to dumb animals, and preach loyalty to the right, no matter what sacrifice the loyalty costs.

XVI

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

CHILDREN are always interested in the doings of other children, no matter how long ago these other boys and girls lived, nor in what land. So I am sure you will be interested in the story I am to tell you to-day. It is about the Children's Crusade. The word "crusade" comes from a Latin word for the cross. So, of course, a crusade has something to do with the cross of Christ.

The story runs like this. Away back seven hundred years ago there was great indignation felt all over Europe, because the Turks held the land in which was the tomb of Christ. The Christians of Europe felt that it was adding fresh shame to the death of Christ to allow these Turkish unbelievers to own His grave. For this reason thousands of men bearing the emblem

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of the cross of Christ as opposed to the crescent of the Mohammedans, marched eastward against the Turks in great movements called crusades.

One crusade after another failed, and finally some priests went about declaring it was because the men who took part in the crusade were not free from sin themselves that they had failed to rescue the tomb of Christ. They then said that if the sinless children were to form a crusade against the Turks it would surely be successful. They promised that the Mediterranean Sea would open up by a miracle and let them pass on dry ground over to Palestine, and that the Turks would give way before them in a panic of fright.

The result was that thousands upon thousands of boys and girls in Germany and France set out on this crusade. Their parents forbade them, but they would run off and join the crusade. Some parents put their children in prison, but they escaped and went with the crowds. Some historians

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say that fifty thousand children joined in this crusade.

To make a long story short, those from Germany finally got down to Italy, but the sea did not open up, and some of the children were taken into Italian families and never got back home. Others died, and very few of those who survived ever saw their parents again. Those from France were taken in seven ships by two wicked merchants to be sold into slavery. Two shiploads of these children were drowned. The other five shiploads were landed in Alexandria, and sold as slaves. So ended the Children's Crusade.

I suppose many boys and girls think it would have been a noble thing to take the sign of the cross and be a crusader for the tomb of Christ. And you wish you had lived then to go out against the Turks. Well, boys and girls, there are plenty of Turks still to contend with. They don't wear the Turkish fez and costume, but they are as great unbelievers as those against

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whom the children marched seven hundred years ago. Every boy who takes the name of Christ in vain, every boy who speaks in a slighting way about the Christian church, every boy who makes fun of the Christian religion is an unbeliever, and you can crusade for Jesus Christ just as nobly to-day by standing up openly and manfully for what you believe when you meet such boys as if you had joined that Children's Crusade.

XVII

SAND ON THE RAILS

I SAW an engine down at the station one day last winter trying to start with a train of cars. But the rails were slippery with ice, and whenever the engineer opened the throttle and tried to start, the great wheels would go round so fast you could hardly see them. But the engine did not move ahead an inch. It would stand there and shiver like a boy with cold, but that was all.

What do you think it was that finally gave the engine a start? It was this, the engineer put sand on the rails. That sand gave some opposition to the wheels and they could grip it and start ahead.

There are other things that need to be opposed before they can go. I suppose all you boys have tried to fly a kite, and one of the first things you learned about flying

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a kite was that it would not rise if you ran *with* the wind. The only way a kite will rise is *against* the wind. It, too, needs opposition, just as the great engine did.

You will think it strange when I tell you that boys and girls also need opposition, in order to get ahead in the world. Almost the first piece of opposition children meet is what we call authority, that is, they must learn to obey older people. A child usually thinks this is an unnecessary thing. Why can't people allow you to go your own sweet way, but must be forever forbidding you to do the things you want to do? As the saying goes:

"A boy's will is the wind's will," that is, it shifts about without rhyme or reason, and you wonder why it is not allowed to.

The reason is that if a child's will is not disciplined it is like a weather-vane blowing about with every notion that comes, but never getting anywhere. It always stays in the same place and whirls about. Even a river needs to be curbed and taught obedi-

SAND ON THE RAILS

ence before it is a blessing in the world. If the river is allowed to spread out wherever it pleases it becomes a boggy, unhealthy, useless swamp. When it is curbed between banks it flows along to turn mill-wheels and bear boats upon its bosom. A child's will is like a river. If it isn't hedged in it will finally become a swamp where such diseases as disobedience, willfulness, selfishness, and disgrace grow.

Another piece of opposition that boys and girls meet is *practice*. They wonder why they must go over things such as a piece of music on the piano, again and again and again. It is not because your parents or teacher wish to torment you, but in order that you may go ahead all the faster later on. If they just opened the throttle, so to speak, and let you sit down at the piano and hammer away as you pleased you would never get anywhere. You would make a great deal of noise, like the engine on the slippery rail, but not get one inch ahead as far as being a musician is concerned. That prac-

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tice is sand on the rail to make you get ahead toward proficiency.

And so I want you boys and girls to think of obedience and practice not as disagreeable things, but as grit to give you something to catch a hold of that you may advance in life.

XVIII

EASTER EGGS

EASTER is here again, and how happy we all are. Some are happy because they have new bonnets, others because school is out, and still others are happy just to be alive in this glad springtime when the flowers and birds, and soft grass and warm sunshine are here once more.

But the greatest thing for all to be happy about is that which the Easter eggs stand for. I wonder if we all know why we have these Easter eggs in the shops and at home. The meaning is this. When we put eggs under a hen or in an incubator to hatch they look so silent and cold that it seems as if they were little white tombs where only death dwelt. But by the warmth that surrounds the egg day and night life soon be-

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gins to stir in it, and finally a little fluffy chick breaks its way through the shell, and so what seemed to be a white tomb really proves to be a cradle of life.

It was the same with the white tomb that held Christ in Joseph's garden after they had crucified Him on Good Friday. For three days all was silent and cold. But on Easter morning when Mary went to the tomb of Christ, lo! it was broken open and Christ had stepped forth into life again.

You may be sure Christ's friends were all very happy that Easter Day, and every Easter Day since has been a day of gladness because of Christ's victory over death.

But there is one thing further I want you to notice about these Easter eggs. You will find many of them dyed red. That also has a meaning. It is this. It tells how Christ sacrificed His own life that we might be happy this day. Red speaks of blood, and blood means life.

And so let us think not only of Christ's resurrection to-day, but let us think also of

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the great love He had for us, love even unto death, and let us love Him more for His sacrifice which made possible this glad Easter Day.

XIX

THE NAIL HOLES

THERE was once a boy by the name of John De Motte, and he tells this story about himself.

“My boyhood home was not far south of the Great Chain of North American lakes. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighbouring tamarack swamp. It was my business after they had been brought to our yard to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long and slick and hard to hold. One morning when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked it about until I finally plunged the teeth some distance into my foot, making an ugly gash. My father saw my exhibition of temper, but wisely said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

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“ ‘John,’ said he, very kindly, ‘I wish you would get the hammer.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, sir.’ ”

“ ‘Now a nail and a piece of pine board from the woodshed.’ ”

“ ‘Here they are.’ ”

“ ‘Will you drive the nail into the board?’ It was done. ‘Please pull it out again!’ ”

“ ‘That’s easy.’ ”

“ ‘Now, John,’ and my father’s voice dropped to a lower, sadder key, ‘pull out the nail hole.’ ”

Of course it couldn’t be done. There is no way to pull out nail holes. You may rub things off a slate, but you can’t pull out a nail hole.

You can never really make up a lesson. You can never take back an unkind word. You can never kill an unkind deed. There are some things, boys and girls, you can never undo any more than you can pull out a nail hole. If you don’t want to leave the ugly scar in the wood don’t drive the nail.

XX

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RELIGION

(OBJECT lesson.—A picture of the bronze by Kelly, showing Washington praying in the woods at Valley Forge.)

All you children will recognise this picture. It is George Washington kneeling in prayer beneath the trees at Valley Forge. You will notice his hat on the ground beside him, and in the background his horse tied to a sapling. George Washington was a staunch Christian and a member of the Episcopal Church at Alexandria, just out of the city of Washington. When he was at home at Mount Vernon, history tells us, that he always went on Sunday morning to what would have been called a distant church by anyone excepting a Virginian horse-back rider. He spent Sunday afternoons alone in his library, where he did not admit callers.

WASHINGTON'S RELIGION

When the war came he still found time for daily prayer and meditation, and was not ashamed to have his soldiers and officers know about it. He went to church during the war whenever he could, and encouraged the soldiers to do likewise.

When Sunday came during the war, he excused the soldiers from what was known as fatigue-duty in order that they might not miss church. And if public worship was interrupted on Sunday by a call to arms, a service was held on a convenient day the following week. After every great victory, and when the war closed, Washington also urged the soldiers to attend the rendering of thanks to Almighty God "with seriousness of deportment, and gratitude of heart."

There are two things for us to learn from Washington. The first is, that if such a great and good man as he prayed continually you and I ought not to be ashamed to pray. I hope that every boy and girl will form the habit of praying not only at night but in the morning also. At night we ought

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to give thanks to God for His guidance during the day and commit ourselves to His safe-keeping while we are asleep. In the morning, as we begin the day, we ought to ask God to keep us sweet and sunny, honest and kind.

The other thing we may learn from Washington is this,—to keep the Sabbath day holy. That is, to keep it as a day of rest. I am sure if Washington were alive to-day he would not play baseball, and tennis and golf on Sunday. He would remember the fourth commandment which says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And I hope all you boys and girls will do the same.

XXI

DANGER! KEEP MOVING

LAST week I went trout-fishing in a stream up in the mountains of this State, and it was there that I got my sermon for the children to-day.

The stream flowed swiftly through the woods, and was full of little rapids as it ran over the rocks, but sometimes it seemed to go to sleep in a quiet pool beneath some giant tree upon its banks.

I fished all the way along, casting the bait into the running current and amongst the rapids, but not a trout did we find in all those places where the stream was hurrying on to meet the waters of the river. All the fish I caught were those which were loafing around in the quiet shady pools.

I have often noticed, too, that it is the boys and girls that you find loitering around with

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nothing to do who get into trouble. It is the boys who hang around street corners, stations, poolrooms, and such places that Satan goes fishing for, and he usually catches them.

There is a line which says,

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

I am not nearly so anxious about the boy who is kept so busy that he can hardly find hours enough in the day for his work and play as I am about the boy who loaf.

I saw a sign in New York the other day outside a building that was being torn down. It said: "Danger! Keep Moving." If you want to keep out of trouble, keep moving. Work hard while you work. Play hard while you play. But above all things, boys, don't be found amongst those who loaf. Keep out of danger. Keep moving.

XXII

WAITING FOR CHRIST

THERE was once a woman, so the story goes, who expected Christ to take dinner and spend the night at her house. And as she was to entertain such a wonderful guest she set about making great preparation for Him. She swept and scrubbed, dusted and garnished the entire house in order to have everything clean and shining when the Master should come. Then she set herself to prepare a sumptuous meal, for the hour was drawing near when she expected His knock at the door.

But while she worked several people came to her for help. First, a little child who was tired and sleepy, the daughter of her nextdoor neighbour, came to her to be comforted, for her mother was not yet home from the store. But she had no time to give to the child and bade her run away and not bother her. Then came a beggar, hungry

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and footsore, who asked a crust of bread and a glass of water. Him also she turned away empty-handed with a sharp rebuke for hindering her work. Next came a neighbour who was in deep sorrow because she had lost her child, and wanted some word of cheer and hope. Although she was not harsh with this woman, yet she made her understand that she was too busy to listen to her sorrow, and the woman went away heavier-hearted than when she came.

At last the dinner-hour came, but the Master had not arrived. Then the darkness settled in. And still she waited. Midnight passed, and it found her watching for His footstep. But still He did not come.

The woman finally fell asleep, and began to dream. The little child, the beggar, and the neighbour passed by her in her sleep, and in each of them she discovered the image of her Lord. When she awoke it was all made plain to her. Christ had indeed come in those who had sought her help and she had sent Him away empty-handed

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and unbefriended. He never came except in them.

And that is the way Christ generally comes to us all. He cannot come to us as He did when He was here on earth, and so He comes in the form of people who need our help. If Christ were to come to us as He went to the home of Lazarus we should all gladly welcome Him and give Him our best. But whenever we help some one in need, because Christ's spirit urges us to, we do it for Him just as really as if we opened our homes to Him.

Christ Himself says: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Let us not be like the woman of the story, waiting for Christ, and yet missing Him all the while. Where need is, Christ is. And in helping anyone, we are helping Him.

XXIII

TWO GIRLS IN ONE DRESS

WE usually think that one girl at a time is enough in a dress, especially when we think of the rate at which girls outgrow their clothes. But you will be amazed to know that in every dress you put on there are two girls, both with your name.

I know you will want me to tell you how that can be, for you have never seen this other girl, and it probably never occurred to you that she existed.

Listen, and I will tell you about these two girls. But first I must tell you a story to make plain what I mean. There was once a little girl whose name was Mildred. She lived on the farm, and used to go with her mother to gather the eggs at sunset. It was great fun, and one day Mildred asked if she might gather the eggs alone. Her mother said that if she would be careful not to break

TWO GIRLS IN ONE DRESS

them she might do it. Off ran the little girl to the barn and began to collect the eggs. She brought them one by one and laid them on the barn floor. But as she put down the eggs there was one of them which began to roll over toward the wall, and Mildred thought it would be great fun to roll all the eggs over toward the wall. She kept rolling them harder and harder to make them go farther, and finally one rolled swiftly against the wall and broke!

Mildred felt very badly about it, and gathered up the rest of the eggs and started for the house to tell her mother what had happened. Then another Mildred spoke up and said, "No; don't tell her you broke the egg. Hide it, and tell her there were only five eggs to-day, instead of six." Then the first Mildred said: "No, that would be wrong. That would be deceiving mother, and would be telling a lie. Better tell mother all about it."

And so the little girl walked slowly to the house and all the time inside of her the

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

honest Mildred and the dishonest Mildred struggled with each other. Two girls in one dress.

When she got to the house her mother said: "What, Mildred, only five eggs to-day?"

Mildred was afraid of what her mother would say, but she bravely answered: "No, mamma, there were six, but I broke one rolling them on the barn floor." And then she burst out crying.

But her mother took her in her arms and kissed her, and told her she would rather have a hundred eggs broken than that her daughter should tell a lie.

Now you see what I mean by two girls in one dress. Paul, a grown-up man, knew what it was to have two men in one suit of clothes. For he said: "When I would do good, evil is present with me." It is so with us all, boys and girls. The only way to do is to listen to the good girl when she speaks, and do your duty honestly no matter how hard it is.

XXIV

THE FOX THAT BURIED HIS CHAIN

MY sermon to-day is about a fox, a baby fox that was caught by a farmer who tied him up in his yard with a long chain. Before he was caught this little fox used to lie in his cosy nest in the ground under a tree, played about the door of his home with his brothers and sisters while his mother was off hunting food for her little family.

Then one day as the little fox grew bigger and stronger he ran off to hunt for himself and got into a trap the farmer had set, and he was taken home by him as a pet.

But the little fox was not happy although he was treated kindly by the farmer. It was lonesome without his mother and brothers and sisters. At night he would lie awake listening to the other foxes barking in the woods and fields, and he would strain on his chain and try to get free. At other times

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THE MAN WITH

when the night was quiet about the great would come and bring to eat,—bits of chicken was very happy to when she went away her and would run he reached the end it brought him up she and watch her as she in the darkness and ever before.

One day, however by which he could get be free once more, he did? He dug a put into it all the Then he carefully when there was no in sight he thought ever. Poor foolish as soon as he started the chain again out he was, held as fast

N WITH IRON SHOES

ght was very dark, and all was
he great farmhouse his mother
and bring him dainties of food
of chicken for instance. He
appy to see his mother. But
nt away he would try to follow
uld run along after her until
he end of his cruel chain and
m up short. Then he would sit
er as she silently slipped away
ness and felt more lonely than

owever, he thought of a scheme
could get rid of the chain and
more, and what do you think
dug a hole in the ground, and
all the chain that he could see.
refully covered it over. And
was no longer any of the chain
nought he had got rid of it for-
foolish little fox! That night
e started to run away, up came
ain out of the ground, and there
as fast as ever.

FOX THAT BURIED HIS CHAIN

Now what lesson do you suppose we can draw for boys and girls from the story of the fox that buried his chain? It is that we can get rid of sin by burying it, and that the little fox got rid of the chain by burying it.

Perhaps you take something that belongs to you, or you do something that is forbidden to do, and when you are caught about it you tell a lie to cover up your fault. Then you say to yourself, "The thing is buried up nicely, and father and mother will never know anything about it." You then try to run off and play, and be as happy as before. But somehow you are not half as much fun as the other boys and girls who get into the game just so far, and then are brought up short by your conscience. There is something which keeps holding you back from a good time. It is that sin which you had got rid of. You did not get rid of it at all, you only added another sin by telling a lie.

Don't try to get rid of your sins by telling lies.

ED HIS CHAIN

you suppose I am go-
and girls from the fox
It is this, you cannot
ing it, any more than
f the chain by bury-

nothing that does not
o something that you
d when you are asked
to cover up your sin.
self, "There, that is
ather and mother will
bout it." And so you
y, and to be just as
somehow the games
n as they were. You
so far, then you are
ur conscience. There
eps holding you back
s that sin you thought
ou did not get rid of
ded another sin to it

of your sins by bury-

THE MAN WITH

ing them. It is poor
done wrong be brave
take your punishment
than trying to bury t
any minute they ma
fear will only make
and tie you up tight
you are tempted to b
the fox that tried to

Courtesy of the Christian

N WITH IRON SHOES

is poor business. If you have
be brave enough to say so, and
ishment. It will be far easier
to bury things, and to know that
they may be found out. Your
y make a little coward of you
up tighter than ever. When
ted to bury your sin, remember
tried to bury his chain.

Christian Work and Evangelist.

XXV

THE SMOTHERED LIGHT

I WONDER how many of you boys have seen a lighthouse? Of course you know that these lights are placed on the coasts so that ships may see them and keep safely at anchor at night and keep safely at sea. If a light should go out or become dim, ships might be wrecked by running on rocks.

In Southern Seas, however, there are many little insects that fly against the light and sometimes dim the light. These little gnats are so small that when one lights on the glass it is not noticed at all. Even hundreds of them do not make any impression. But when thousands of them are on the globe they hide the light and so the light becomes useless.

Boys' and girls' consciences

ED LIGHT

you boys and girls
Of course you all
are placed on rocky
see the lights flash-
safely away. If the
become dim vessels
running upon the

however, there are lit-
st the lights at night,
the light completely.
so small that when
it is not noticed at
if them make no im-
ousands of them stick
the light completely,
es useless.

ciences are like those

THE MAN W

Southern lighthouse
called by some po
That is a very go
for our conscience
that are wrong and
When we do right
clearly. But who
comes a fleck on
mirror. One littl
light very much, bu
sins then the light
warning does not co
and girls become v

When you are t
wrong remember
matter how small,
science.

lighthouses. Our consciences are
 some people the "inner light."
 very good name for conscience,
 consciences warn us against things
 wrong and dangerous to our souls.
 So right the inner light shines
 but when we do wrong there
 is a speck on the light like dust on a
 pane. One little sin does not hide the
 light much, but when we do many little
 sins the light grows quite dim, and the
 light does not come. And so finally boys
 become what we call "hardened."
 When you are tempted to do something
 wrong remember that every little sin, no
 matter how small, hides the light of con-

XXVI

THE SNAKE-CHARM

NEARLY all you boys and girls have seen snakes in a zoological garden. Perhaps some of you have seen them at a circus. But I wonder how many of you have ever seen snakes charmed. A man could do almost anything with a deadly snake and it would not be surprising.

In far-off India there are men whose business it is to go about from village to village and earn money by charming snakes. They do this by playing on a musical instrument that looks like a flute.

They sit on the grass with their legs crossed and sway their bodies back and forth while they play, and by-and-by a snake comes out of his hiding place and dances to the music.

And so the people over in India

VI

-CHARMER

and girls have seen the
garden, and I sup-
e seen the snakes in a
r how many of you
charmed so that you
thing with the most
ould not hurt you?

re are men who make
about from village to
y by charming snakes.
g on a musical instru-
flute.

grass with their legs
ir bodies to and fro
by-and-by the snake
ing place to hear the

ver in the eastern part

DI

THE MAN WITH

of the world have
"Kind words will b
hole." Of course t
What these people
this, that just as a s
snakes out of their
a person charm aw
wicked thoughts in
kind words to him.

There is a verse i
"A soft answer turn
so all of us can be
will. If a boy or g
us and says mean th
away the hate, not
back, but by speak
more quickly wilts
you than doing him
to him in a friendly
very foolish and a
charmed away.

Let me show wh
heard not long ago.
teased on her way t

have a proverb which says: "I will bring a snake out of his hole" that is not strictly true. What people mean by the saying is that as a snake-charmer can bring snakes out of their holes by music, so can we turn away anger and hate and fight in another by speaking kindly to him.

A verse in the Bible which says: "Turn away wrath." And we can be snake-charmers if we when a boy or girl feels hateful toward us we can charm him, not by saying mean things but by speaking kindly. Nothing wilts the person who dislikes us if we give him a kind turn or speaking in a friendly way. It makes him feel ashamed. His anger is gone.

Now what I mean by a story I told long ago. A little girl used to be taken the way to school by a boy who

threw stones and dirt at her. as long as she could, and then to the teacher about it. The teacher would not attend to the matter, but said that he would. Several days went by and then the boy came back with his mean tricks, and told the teacher again. Some boys around wanted to thrash the boy, but the teacher said that would not do. So she herself did nothing about it.

Finally the little girl asked her mother one morning when she was preparing lunch for school to put in two large stones, the biggest she could find. Her mother wondered why she wanted them, but she said, "in." On the way to school, the boy was in the same old place throwing stones as usual. The girl said nothing, but walked straight up to him and offered him the larger apple.

At first he refused to take it, but she said and muttered something. He then took it, and sneaked away. He never told the girl again. She had charmed him.

at her. She stood it
 and then spoke to the
 teacher said she would
 , but did nothing.
 and the boy kept on
 and the girl spoke
 Some boys who stood
 sh the other boy, but
 would never do. Yet
 g about it.

girl asked her mother
 e was putting up her
 ut in two apples, the
 l. Her mother won-
 d them, but put them
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 place and he began
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 ed straight up to him
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o take it, and blushed
 ing. But finally he
 way. He never teased
 ad charmed away the

THE MAN WITH

snake in that boy's
member the old Bib
turneth away wrath
charmings.

boy's heart. Let us all read the old Bible text, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and so be snake-

XXVII

THE MONK AND THE BEARS

THERE is a strange land in the arctic regions where they have steady daylight, followed by steady night. In that land is Nova Zembla. There the ship comes only once a year, and then it is of a steamer picking its way over the ice floes.

One of the occupations of the people of the frozen northland is to catch bears and sell them for menageries, zoological parks.

A monk from Russia was on board and at the end of a year he had two bears which he was bringing back with him on the vessel, to his monastery. The bears broke loose one day, and leaped overboard and swam.

IVII

AND THE BEAR

land in the frozen
they have two months
owed by two months
t land is a town called
ere the postman calls
then he comes by way
ts way through the ice-

tions of these people in
is to capture bears and
ries, circuses, and zoo-

ssia went to this town
year came away with
was bringing back with
o his homeland. The
e day, and one of them
nd swam back to his

THE MAN WITH

native shores. The monk when he reached the monk came to see what happened. He found that his new owner told the man bought the monk's robe which he wore of. But when the monk told the bear would not obey his new owner everywhere the cassock. In other words he followed the cassock and the man in the cassock.

I am afraid there are no more world like that bear. On the side of things and not on the other often seen a fisherman from the city to the country to the fine split-bamboo pole. He was dressed in the last. When he sees some crooked old fish-pole in the woods and a piece of land for a line, he has

WITH IRON SHOES

The other was sold by the reached Russia. But when e to sell the bear a strange . He would not do anything yner told him to do until the e monk's cassock, the long wore over his other clothes. monk took off the cassock the obey *him*. He followed his rywhere as soon as he put on n other words, the bear fol- ck and obeyed it and not the ck.

there are many people in this e bear. They go by the out- nd not by the inside. I have sherman come up from the ntry to fish. He has had a oo pole and silk line and the latest style for fishing. some country lad with a ish-pole he has cut in the piece of string from some e, he has laughed at him and

thought it easy to beat him. But at the end of the day the usually has more fish than the all his fine tackle.

I remember a raw-bone that came to a county-fair. I was a boy to take part in a made a sorry spectacle compared of the sleek horses prancing. Men and boys gathered round for fun at his owner. But when he drew away from all the horses and easily won the race.

Boys and girls sometimes think because they live in fine houses and wear fine clothes that they must themselves be fine. But it does not follow that they may live in a big house, and wear fine clothes. I have known many girls who were not good-looking and well-dressed think that well-dressed girls were better than they. It may be true, either. God does not look at the outside; he looks at the inside.

END THE BEAR

eat him catching fish.
e day the bare-foot lad
than the city man with

y-boned looking horse
y-fair near home when
art in a horse-race. He
le compared with some
prancing for the race.
ered round and poked
ut when the race began
m all the fine-looking
n the race.

ometimes think that be-
ne houses or wear fine
ust themselves be very
t follow. A small man
use, and a mean boy in
e known other boys and
good-looking nor well-
well-dressed boys and
an they. That need not
d does not look at the
the inside. He does not

THE MAN WITH

stop with the cassock
looks beneath the cassock
a monk or a circus-
looks beneath good
pretty faces, poor cloth
to see what the heart is
is right, it doesn't make
homely you are or how
God loves you. If you
selfish it makes no diff
house or clothes or h
God is disappointed in

When you are tem
outside of things, think
bear and don't go by
If you do, you will be
bear.

WITH IRON SHOES

cassock like the bear. He
the cassock to see whether it's
circus-manager there. He
good clothes, fine houses,
or clothes, and homely faces
heart is like. If your heart
n't make any difference how
e or how poor your clothes,

If your heart is mean and
no difference how fine your
es or how pretty your face,
nted in you.

re tempted to judge by the
s, think of the monk and the
go by cassocks and clothes.
will be fooled as badly as the

XXVIII

THE BEAVER

I WONDER how many boys and girls know what animal cuts down trees. If you don't know, it will take you some time to guess. It is the beaver. The beaver has his home on this continent of North America, and usually chooses a river or lake that is bordered by trees. If the river is not deep enough for him to swim, he builds a dam across it. It is supposed that he cuts down trees with his sharp teeth. Then he plasters up the dam between the trees with clay and mud, making it tight with his broad, flat tail. He also builds houses of mud four or five feet high to live in during the winter. He leaves the opening to his house under the dam. This is to protect him against the attacks of other wild animals. The ne

VIII

BEAVER

boys and girls can tell
down trees? If you
ke you a long time to
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tinent very largely in
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o enough for him he
it. It is for this pur-
n trees with his sharp
ters up the chinks be-
lay and hammers it in
d, flat tail. He also
four or five feet high
winter, but he makes
ouse under the water.
m against wolves and
The next time you go

THE MAN WHO

to the zoological garden and then try to reproduce what he was going to draw from nature.

There was once a man who had a baby beaver and he took him to New York with him. He was building a dam to allow the beaver to build. Everything went well until one morning when the beaver died. He and found that the beaver had taken together all the wood he could find, and had made a floor in the form of a dam.

Where do you suppose he had got that idea? He had built a dam before, and he had built, for he was told that he was captured.

I will tell you why he just had to. His parents and great-grandparents had built dams for generations. His instinct was in him. So he just couldn't

AN WITH IRON SHOES

gical gardens look up the beaver,
y to remember the lesson I am
aw from him.

as once a man who captured a
r and brought it back to New
him. He got the janitor of the
allow him to keep it with him.

went well until one spring
hen the man came downstairs
at the little beaver had gathered
l the canes and umbrellas he
and had built them up on the
form of a dam!

o you suppose the baby beaver
at idea. He had never built a
, and had never even seen one
e was too young for that when
ured.

you why he built the dam. He

His parents and grandparents
grandparents had been building
generations, and the dam-build-
was in that little beaver's blood.
couldn't help it. When spring

came round, although he was river home, he went to scarcely knowing what he did dam.

Boys and girls often do the right or wrong, and when we they did it, they just *had* to could not help themselves. (not call this instinct in boys call it habit, or second-nature.

Boys sometimes go to a s and before they know it they latch-key to open the door have been so in the habit. Some men always wind the they take off their vest at n times a man forgets and w when he changes his clothes the evening.

Boys and girls sometimes habit of telling lies that th tell the truth when they wa so in the habit of taking long to them that they ca

BEAVER

he was miles from his
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at he did, and built a

n do things which are
when we ask them why
t *had* to do it. They
elves. Of course we do
n boys and girls. We
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o to a stranger's house
y it they pull out their
he door, because they
habit of it at home.
ind their watch when
est at night, and some-
and winds his watch
clothes to go out for

netimes get so into the
that they can scarcely
ney want to. Some get
aking things that be-
ney can scarcely keep

THE MAN WITH

from picking up anything that might be lying around loose.

But boys and girls need the habit of doing wrong to learn the help doing wrong, the habit of doing right to learn the effort to do wrong.

I heard of a girl that was kept in after school for not doing arithmetic. She was told to get out to play, and she said no answer. When she came back the teacher asked her if she had done herself, and she said yes, nothing, and let her mother hear her to say she had gone to bed, and she told the matter. The girl was fast and said very little the next morning. When she came straight to the teacher she had told her a lie the day before. The teacher said but I knew you would

WITH IRON SHOES

up anything that happens to
loose.

girls not only get so into the
wrong that they can scarcely
ing, they also get so into the
right that it takes a real
ong.

girl the other day who was
school to do a question in
he was in a great hurry to
, and so she copied the an-
he handed in her paper the
her if she had worked it out
e said yes. The teacher said
et her go. That night her
her tossing about after she
ed, and wondered what was
he girl ate very little break-
ery little to the family in the
en she got to school she went
teacher and told her that
er a lie about her work the
he teacher said: "I knew it,
u would not be happy until

you told me.” You see that girl with such a habit of telling the truth was troubled her until she had confessed she had told a falsehood. She was to tell the truth at last, just as much as the beaver *had* to build that dam.

And so you see boys and girls, friends or enemies of their habit, have a second-nature to tell the truth, to be fair, to be kind. Every time you are right you are making it harder. Then when you grow into men and women, and a great temptation to do wrong, you will be able to say: “I can’t. Something inside of me won’t let me.”

EVER

that girl had formed
g the truth that it
had confessed that
od. She just *had* to
t as much as the little
t dam.

and girls can make
their habits. Make it
e truth, to be honest,
Every time you act
t harder to do wrong.
into men and women
n to do wrong comes
“I can’t do it. Some-
’t let me.”

XXIX

SPECKLED BIRDS

SOME of you boys and girls keep chickens and others have seen them on the farm. I wonder if you ever noticed what a hard time a white hen has when she gets into a black flock, or how a black hen is picked upon when she gets into a white flock. And have you ever noticed how both white and black hens will chase away a speckled hen? Chickens do not like others which are different from themselves.

There is an old legend that tells how when King Solomon gave gifts of song and plumage and form to the birds, he gave to the hoopoes golden crowns, and they flew away very happy with their beautiful ornaments. But they soon wished that they had not been so fortunate, for the other birds were so jealous and hunters so anxious to capture them that the hoopoes were in danger of their lives. Finally, they could

SPECKLED BIRDS

not stand it any longer, and they went back to King Solomon and asked him to take back his gift. The king took away their crowns and gave them instead head feathers of brown with black tips. This made the hoopoes look much more common, but they went away happy because they were no more beautiful than other birds and would no longer arouse their jealousy.

Of course this is only a fable. But don't you think that boys and girls sometimes act a great deal like chickens and birds? They don't like a boy or girl in the school or club who is a little different from them. A bright boy usually has a great many enemies because other boys are jealous of him. And a pretty girl has a hard time of it with homely girls. If you are a little better than other boys and girls in some way, look out! You will be treated like the speckled chicken or the beautiful hoopoes.

But there is one thing that gives more trouble than anything else, and that is, if you are trying to be a good boy or girl. If

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

you try to obey your parents, to listen to your teachers, to do as your conscience tells you, to go to church and Sunday school, then those who pay no attention to these things will make it hard for you. Bad boys and girls have it in for a good boy or girl and usually treat them like a speckled bird. They won't take them in. They don't like them just because the boys and girls make them feel ashamed of their own wickedness.

What are you going to do, then, if you find that you are unpopular like the hoopoes or are driven out like the speckled bird? I think the first thing to do is to sit down and ask yourself whether when they shut you out it is because you are trying to do right, or because you are quarrelsome or a tattle-tale or for some such reason as that. And if you feel that you are shut out because you stick to the right, don't go around like a little prig and feel that you are better than these other boys and girls and become conceited. And don't be cowardly like these hoopoes and wish that God had not given you a good

SPECKLED BIRDS

mind and good looks and a good conscience. And don't become like these bad boys and girls just in order to be popular.

Nearly all the people who have done great things in the world have been speckled birds to other people. When Robert Fulton sent his first steamboat up the Hudson River people gathered at the wharf to make fun of him, for they thought the boat would never go.

When Columbus wanted to set out for the West to reach India the people in Spain thought he was a queer sort of bird.

When Jesus came to tell men of the love of God, our Heavenly Father, the Jews hated Him because He did not teach like the Scribes and Pharisees, and they drove Him out and crucified Him.

And so, boys and girls, if you are treated like speckled birds because you are studying hard, trying to obey your parents and to do right, just remember that you are in good company, for you are in the same class with Jesus Himself.

XXX

THE SIGNAL BELL

I SUPPOSE all of us have heard the bell which is used at railroad crossings to warn passers-by that a train is coming. It stands in a signal-box, and some time before the train is in sight it sets up a clatter which puts everyone on the lookout for danger.

I thought as I heard one of these bells the other day what a fine thing it would be if we could have some such signal within us to tell us when sin is near, and to give us warning.

Plants and animals do have these signals within. Away down in the forests of Guiana where the beautiful orchids grow wild on the forest trees something seems to tell the orchid when the branch on which it feeds is about to die. And so it begins to loosen its hold long before the branch drops off

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and will shrivel up and die rather than live near a decaying limb.

The butterflies in India also know when the yearly storm known as the Monsoon is coming, and so early in June every year butterflies of a certain kind fly northward to escape the storm. The people in that country say, "Three days after the butterflies fly north the storm will come."

Down in the depths of the sea there are sucker-fish that live on the man-eating sharks, and when a shark is about to die, something within this little fish tells him beforehand and he begins to let go long before death comes.

Now, don't you think it would be strange if God put something in these plants and animals to tell them when danger is near, and did not put anything in us to warn us of sin which is the greatest danger of all?

But God *has* given us an inward signal when sin is near. Listen to what a book I was reading the other day says about it. "Think of it, Johnny Bodie—remember this

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well ; always if something hits you from the inside that a thing isn't good to do, don't hurry about doing it. Think it over. If you wouldn't do it when the person you like best in the world is watching, it isn't a good thing to do alone."

So there it is, then, in every boy and girl, too. They say that in the office at Washington, where they test money to see whether it is counterfeit or not, the clerks get so expert that when they touch a counterfeit bill a shiver goes over them as if they had been plunged into a cold bath. And if you boys and girls are careful to obey your consciences when they tell you that a thing is wrong, the signal will come clear as a bell each time, and you will know without thinking very long, or asking some one else, whether a thing is wrong. Listen for the signal. It is God's voice whispering within you.

XXXI

GETTING SOMETHING BACK

YESTERDAY I heard of a little boy three years old who had just got his first penny. He ran to show it to his brother who was five years old, and said he was going to save it to give to the Sunday school. "Don't you do it. Don't you do it," said his brother, "you'll never get it back!"

Of course that brother was not old enough to know that when we give our money to the Sunday school we don't expect to get it back.

But I know older boys and girls who don't give their money to the Sunday school for this same reason, that they don't get it back. And so some boys and girls spend their money their parents gave them for the collection in candy or ice-cream sodas or at the moving-picture theatre. When they

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spend their money that way they always get something back. And they always get back more than they paid for. They get a guilty conscience thrown in for good measure. And the guilty conscience makes them unhappy. It turns the best ice cream sour. It takes the fizz out of the best soda. It makes the best candy taste bitter and the best moving picture seem tame.

But when we say that a boy does not get his penny back when he gives it to the Sunday school that does not mean that he does not get anything back in the *place* of his penny. For every child who gives to the Sunday school gets more for his penny than he does anywhere else.

In the first place boys and girls get the best kind of companionship out of their Sunday school. You cannot go anywhere in the world where you will make better friends than you find in Sunday school. It is the place where boys and girls come together as God's children. Money and fine clothes do not count in God's sight. God

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looks at our hearts. If we love Him and try to please Him He accepts us for what we are. And can you think of any better way for boys and girls to meet than just as children of a Heavenly Father? It should make us kind and thoughtful of one another, and that is the best kind of friendship there is.

Then, too, our Sunday school gets us acquainted with another friend. It was the One who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." You know whom I mean. It is Christ, who took boys and girls on his knee and blessed them. Don't you think it is worth all the money in the world to know about Jesus, the friend of boys and girls? He is the best friend any child can have. He will go with you where your parents cannot go, and help you over places where your parents and teachers cannot help. I am sure that is a great deal to get for a penny.

And yet I do not want the boys and girls

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And yet I do not want the boys and girls

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to go to Sunday school for what they can get. You don't love your parents for what they will give you, do you? I hope not. And we should not go to our Heavenly Father's house on Sunday only for what He will give. We should go because we love God, and wish to honour Him. We should give our money because we love to give to Him, for when we give to the Sunday school, we are giving to God.

Let us never say, then, that when we give our money in Sunday school we never get it back. Let us remember God's promise: "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and running over."

XXXII

BREAD AND A BOY

IF I were to tell you boys that the same method has to be followed in making a good boy as is followed in making a good loaf of bread you would probably laugh at me. And yet it is true. There are four things that go to make a good loaf of bread.

The first thing that goes to make a good loaf is crushing the wheat to get the flour out of it. Our word bread comes from a word which means to pound or crush. This old word is *brayed*. Bread, you see, is brayed wheat, so we shorten the word up and call it bread. Most boys, I'm sorry to say, need some braying, too, before they are fit for use. Of course we call braying a boy whipping him. And you remember what Solomon said about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. The Bible also says that if you bray a fool in a mortar you can't get his foolishness out of him. So when you are whipped I hope you will remember that

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your parents are trying to get rid of some of the bad things about you, as they bray wheat to get rid of the husks. And if you don't do better after a whipping I hope you will remember what the Bible calls a boy of that sort. It puts him in the same class as a fool. And so, like bread-making, a boy must be brayed.

In the next place the flour must be *moistened*. Our word dough comes from an old word which means to "moisten." This word moisten makes us think of the hard work that every boy must face before he amounts to much. God said to Adam and Eve when He drove them out of the Garden of Eden that they should eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. That means that they would have to work for their bread. The boy who is always trying to dodge work doesn't amount to much. Most of the young men who are in jail got there by trying to dodge work. When a boy, as we say, "sweats over his work" he is making a man of himself. Do you remember how

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Christ in Gethsemane sweat as it were great drops of blood? You can't make bread without moistening the flour, and you can't make a real man out of a boy without making him perspire over his work.

The next thing that makes a good loaf of bread is *yeast*. This swelling up of the dough is called the raising of the bread, and it comes from an old word called "lifian" which means to raise up or to lift up. Without yeast dough would be such a hard lump that we could not digest it after it was baked. And it is the same with boys. A boy who simply perspires over his work because it has to be done, and never whistles or sings at it is a pretty dull, heavy sort of boy. He needs some inspiration to go with the perspiration before he is a worthwhile worker. The Bible says that those that trust in God shall be so light-hearted that "they shall mount up on wings like eagles; they shall run, and not be weary."

There is nothing like feeling that God knows when you are doing your work well

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to make you sing at it. That is the yeast that lightens labour, and puts life into a boy's work.

Then, finally, there is the *baking* of the dough. It takes a hot fire to make dough into bread. So it does with a boy. We don't call it fire in the case of a boy, although one of the apostles said: "Think it not strange, brethren, concerning the fiery trial that is to try you."

He meant that every strong character had to be tested by temptation. If a boy is shielded from temptation, or gives way to every trial that comes, he just remains soft and pulpy, like dough. We say of some boys that they are only half-baked. We mean by this that they have not been hardened up. Gold is tried by fire, so are boys. Every time you overcome a temptation you are being made into a wholesome, solid boy.

And so whenever you see a loaf of bread you will think of the hard knocks, and the hard work and the help of God and the fiery trial that goes to make a worth-while boy.

XXXIII

THE BEAR CAGE AND THE BOY

ONCE upon a time there was a small black bear brought to the zoological gardens in Bronx Park, New York. Before he was brought there he had been kept in a box about eight feet long, up and down which he used to pace to and fro, to and fro.

When he was turned loose in the large den at the Bronx he did not seem to realise that he was free. He chose a strip about the size of his box, and walked up and down that. It was some weeks before this bear realised that he was in a larger cage.

There are many people in the world who are just like that bear. They have done a thing so long that, although they are free to do something else, they just keep on doing the old thing and never get free.

I once talked with a man on board the boat by which I went to Europe, and he was

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that sort of man. This man had crossed the ocean many times taking care of the cattle which the vessel carried over to England every trip. He kept saying for years that this trip was his last. But he would always make another trip, and still another, just as if he were chained to that vessel and could not get away.

They tell me, too, that the stokers on these ships—the men who shovel coal into the mighty engines which drive the ship—always say that the trip they are on is to be their last trip. Like the bear, they can run away, but yet they come back again when the vessel is to sail, and make another trip. They could get away, and yet they can't get away.

They tell me that the same thing is true about the lumbermen who go into the far northern woods in Canada every winter. When they come out of the woods in the spring and think of how cold it has been and how hard they have had to work, they say that they will never, never go again.

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But when winter comes again something seems to call them, and before they know it they are off to the lumber camps once more. They don't have to go, and yet they do have to, after all. They are like the bear, they are free and yet they are not free.

Now I suppose you boys and girls think how foolish that bear was, and how foolish these men are. You think you would never put yourselves into a place where you would have to do a thing you didn't want to do, in spite of yourself. And yet many boys and girls do this very thing.

Have you ever known a girl to have a box of candy, and she wanted to give some of it to some one, yet she was so selfish and stingy that something inside of her would not let her give the candy away? She could, and yet she couldn't.

Have you ever known a boy who did not want to sulk when he was told he could not have his way? And yet he had become so used to sulking that in spite of himself he would sulk.

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That boy and girl are like the bear at the Bronx. They are tied up by what they have done at other times. They could get away into a happier world, but they are tied up by a habit. I hope none of you boys and girls will be like this bear, walking up and down a little strip we call a habit, when you might be free to do the big, beautiful things that you should do.

XXXIV

FOR THOSE WHO JUDGE OTHERS

AT the time that the Great War broke out between England and Germany there was on a steamship bound from Liverpool to New York a very attractive young woman with whom an Englishman on the same ship wished to become acquainted. He spoke to a friend of the young woman about it, and he said he would be very glad to present him.

But when he told the young lady that this Englishman wished to meet her she asked what he was doing bound for New York, when his country was preparing to fight in the East? Why was he not home offering his services to his country, instead of sailing away in the other direction? No, she said, she did not wish to meet a man who would do such a cowardly thing as that.

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One day, however, while she and her friend were walking on deck they came face to face with the Englishman in a narrow passage, and there was nothing to do but for her friend to present the young Englishman. The young woman asked what he meant by sailing West while his country was fighting in the East. "That," the Englishman replied, "is something I cannot explain."

"Then," said she, "I do not wish to meet you."

Just as the vessel was landing in New York the Englishman told the young woman's friend, under a bond of secrecy, that he was a secret service agent of the British Government, and was sent by his Government to America to purchase parts for flying machines to be used in the war.

Not long after that a newspaper clipping was sent to the young lady who refused to meet the young man, telling of the death of the Englishman as he was making a raid in his flying machine against the enemy. When the young woman read it she burst

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into tears over the unjust judgment she had passed on this man, and said, "God forgive me, I'll never judge a person again until I know the facts."

It would be well for all of us to learn her lesson, and to wait until we know more before we think people cowards.

All of this which I have said may be found in a little poem. It runs like this:

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, let it pass
Before you speak, three Gates of Gold.

Three narrow gates—First, 'Is it true?'
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give truthful answers. And the next
Is last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'

And if, to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, no fear
What the result of speech may be."

XXXV

THE SHODDY HOUSE

ONCE upon a time there was a house-builder who was so badly in debt that it seemed as if he would soon be turned out into the street in the midst of winter with his family. The men to whom he owed money were becoming more threatening every day and were pressing for their money. The poor house-builder was almost frantic.

But a kind-hearted man who lived in the town heard of his sad plight, and gave him a contract to build him a house.

He gave the man instructions as to how the house was to be built and of what sort of lumber and other materials he wished the house to be built, and then went away to a distant city.

The house-builder was not an honest man, however, and he thought that the man

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would never know what sort of material was used. And so he used the cheapest and poorest material he could find, and covered up all sorts of poor work and poor lumber in places where he never could be found out.

Finally the owner came back and the builder went to him to tell him that the house was all done.

"That is well," said the owner, "and now you may move your family into the house, for I am going to make you a present of it." Then he handed him the deed of the house!

How do you think the builder felt? I think he must have felt pretty mean over cheating a man who had proved himself such a friend. But I think, too, he must have felt very foolish, for he would see that in having built this shoddy house he had cheated nobody but himself.

And isn't that very true of all people who cheat others? Here is a boy who finds it hard to get the answer of a sum in arithmetic, and so he copies the answer from some

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other boy. He thinks how nicely he has cheated the teacher, and he says to himself: "There, I fooled the teacher pretty nicely that time." But I wonder if that boy thinks how badly he has fooled himself, too? Some day he will want to figure up something or to pass on to higher grades in arithmetic and he cannot do it because he did not do honest work in lower grades.

His shoddy arithmetic house begins to tumble down about his ears, and he must fill an humbler position in life. He has cheated himself.

Here is a girl whose mother has forbidden her to play with some other girl and the girl promises not to. Then she disobeys her mother and deceives her. She thinks how nicely she is fooling her mother all the while. But in the meantime she is learning bad habits and is getting into worse company. Finally, other girls who are careful of their company will not go with her, and she is cut off from the companionship of the best girls. She thought all the while

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how nicely she was fooling her mother. But she did not stop to think how badly she was cheating herself. But she was being cheated worst of all.

Remember this, boys and girls, that you cannot cheat anyone, your teacher, your parents, your friends, without cheating yourself. When you are tempted to do so, think of the man who built the shoddy house for himself without knowing it until too late.

XXXVI

LOST WORDS

THERE was once an old woman who had a very bitter tongue. She was continually wounding her neighbours by the sharp and cruel things she said, and was always on the lookout for some bit of scandal to spread abroad to the hurt of some innocent person.

One day it was made clear to her what pain and ill-feeling she was guilty of and she went to her priest and confessed her sin and asked him to show her some way by which she might overcome it.

“Go home to your farm, my good woman,” said the holy man, “and kill there your fattest fowl, and then come back here, plucking it by the way, and give me the hen as a penance for your sin.” The woman did as she was told. She came back to the priest, plucking the feathers off the fowl

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along the way. "Now," said the priest, "take this fowl to the woman you have injured as reparation for your words, and then go and gather these feathers you have plucked by the way, and bring them back to me."

The woman took the bird to the woman she had injured, and they became friends from that hour. But when she went back along the road where she had plucked the fowl she could find only one or two feathers left. The wind had blown all the others all away.

She went back to the priest with a heavy heart, and showing him the feathers said, "These, Father, are all I could find, search as I would. The wind has blown the rest away."

"Yes," said the priest, "and the next time you are about to speak angry or malicious words, remember that they are like these feathers. They are easy to pluck, but very difficult to gather back again."

The ancient Jews used to believe that

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when you had once spoken a word it became a living thing, and you could never call it back. They believed that when it left one's lips it went on its way for good or ill, long after it had been forgotten. Certain it is that words do not fall dead when we speak them. They are like seeds which you scatter on the breeze, they take root somewhere in some one's heart and bring forth either the fruit of bitterness or blessedness.

Here is an old poem to remember when you are tempted to say mean things :

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

XXXVII

WHERE IS HELL?

WHEN your fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers were children the preachers had a great deal to say about hell. Ministers used to describe it as a great lake full of fire and brimstone where wicked people were burned forever on account of the evil things they had done while on earth. They spoke of hell as a place beneath our feet somewhere.

We do not hear so much about such a place these days, and I think we have a very different idea when we use the word. The word that Christ used was "Gehenna." That comes nearer the truth it seems to me. Gehenna was a great field outside the city walls of Jerusalem. It was the place where all the refuse and garbage of the city was carried to be burned. In other words, it

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was like the dump-heap where the cities burn their garbage to-day.

The dump-heap of a city is not a beautiful or attractive place. In the old days jackals and dogs and wolves prowled about these places. And when night came on they made the place very terrible by their howls and fighting. It would have been a dreadful thing in those days for a person to have been forced to stay in Gehenna all night. He would be able to see the lights of the city in the distance and he would think of people secure in their warm comfortable homes or enjoying a pleasant evening with their friends, while he was shut out there in the darkness with the garbage and the wild beasts.

Christ would have us think that hell is something like that. He tells us that those who have been wicked or disobedient or selfish are cast into the outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. He pictured heaven as a wedding party or a feast. And you remember how the five

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foolish virgins were locked out from the wedding party when the bridegroom came, because they had no oil in their lamps. And He told us how the man without a wedding-garment was thrust out into the darkness, because he was not properly dressed.

I think it would be a terrible thing to be shut out of heaven, with all its music and dancing, light and feasting, and friends, and to be told we were only fit for the outer darkness and the garbage and wild beasts.

Now supposing all this is a picture of what people bring upon themselves when they are wicked? Would it not be true just the same?

Have you never felt as if you were in a place no better than Gehenna when you have done something wrong? We will say that you have been disobedient after you got home from school, and dinner time comes and you feel how naughty you have been, but you have not asked your mother's forgiveness. Father comes home from work, and your brothers and sisters are

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happy, but as you come to the dinner table you cannot enter into their happiness. And after dinner you cannot play the games because your conscience troubles you. Or it may be you are sent to bed early. Or it may be that next day there is to be a circus and you are to be left home because of your disobedience. As you see the other boys and girls running gaily to the grounds you feel on the outside of it all. You feel as if you were in the outer darkness. You feel like gnashing your teeth for being such a foolish child to spoil your good time through disobedience.

That, I think, is what Christ meant when He spoke of some people not allowed to enter heaven, where there is no quarreling or wickedness, but all is joy and happiness.

And if heaven is so beautiful, don't you think it would be a terrible thing to be locked out in the darkness where all unclean and wicked things are?

XXXVIII

THE ROAD OF ROSES

THERE is an old legend which says that once upon a time there lived a poor girl who had lost everyone whom she loved on earth. Her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, were all dead. But she had a rose-bush of which she was very fond, and every day she found upon it just one bloom.

She was very fond of flowers, and would like to have picked this flower for herself to wear on her dress or in her hair, but she would not do so. She always put the blossom in a vase before the picture of Christ. And God saw her do this, as He sees everything.

At last, quite suddenly the girl died, and when she found herself in heaven, there were such crowds and crowds of angels about her that she was bewildered and could

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not find her way. But all at once she saw before her a pathway edged with roses, and one of the angels said, "There are all the roses you gave the Lord on earth, and He has made them into a pathway for you which will lead you straight to those you love!" And so with great joy she followed the windings of the path, seeing her roses blossoming all the way, and she found all those whom she had loved and lost on earth waiting to welcome her at the end.

That is always the way with Christ. He never forgets any kindness we do for Him. He always remembers it long after we have forgotten it ourselves, and then surprises us by paying it back in some unexpected way. A country girl invited Him to her wedding when He was here on earth and when she ran out of wine, He turned water into wine for her. Mary and Martha invited Him to their home at Bethany when He was tired out preaching and teaching, and when their brother Lazarus died He brought him back to life. Simon carried the cross for Christ

THE ROAD OF ROSES

on the way to Calvary, and Christ made Simon's two sons, Alexander and Rufus, to be good, noble men of whom their father could be proud.

That is Christ's way of dealing with people who do things for His sake. If a boy or girl does a hard thing for Christ, He will always remember, just as He did this girl with her rose-blossom, and some day He will repay.

XXXIX

WHAT COLOUR IS YOUR COAT?

EVERY boy and girl knows the story of Joseph, how he was the favourite son of his father, Jacob, and how his father made him a coat of many colours, which so filled his brothers with jealousy that they dug a pit in which to bury him, but finally sold him into slavery and sent him to far-away Egypt.

My talk to-day is about Joseph's coat of many colours. I suppose if I were to ask you boys and girls what was the colour of your coat one would say white, another black, another red, another gray, and so on. And you would be perfectly correct in your reply.

But every boy and girl has a coat which no one but God sees, and it is a coat of many colours just like Joseph's. But your father

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or mother did not buy you this coat of many colours as Joseph's father did. You have made the coat yourself by the things you do and think.

As I look at you boys and girls it seems to me I can see a great deal of green in some of your coats, for green stands for jealousy, and you are jealous of some other boy or girl who is more popular than you. And some coats have large red patches that tell of anger, and others have streaks of black that tell of lies, and still others yellow checks that tell of cowardice. And I think God must feel very much grieved when he sees these colours in your coats.

But there are other colours that I see in your coats, too, and I know it pleases God to see them there. In many there is white for purity, which comes from thinking clean thoughts; in others sky-blue, which tells of a sunny disposition; in others purple, which tells of the nobility that comes from forgiveness and fairness.

So you see each of you has a coat of many

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colours. What colour is your coat? What colours does God see when He looks at you? The Bible says, "Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart." Are you making a bright coat, or is it stained by jealousy, deceit, anger, and pride? What colour is your coat?

XL

THE BOY AND THE SQUIRREL

THERE was once a man who wanted to hire a boy, so he put an advertisement in the paper, and when he got down to his office next morning he found a large group of boys who wished the position, waiting for him.

He did not know how to choose among them, for each one had his hair neatly brushed, his shoes polished and his clothes tidy, so he hit on this plan. He said that a farmer was once greatly troubled by a squirrel which was carrying away the corn from his barn. One day when he went out to feed the horses he found the squirrel sitting on a beam. He went back to the house for his gun and shot at the squirrel. In shooting he set the barn afire.

When he finished the story, one boy asked

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if the barn burned to the ground, and then if it set fire to the house. Another asked if the horses were burned. Another wanted to know whether the farmer got out alive. Finally one boy asked what became of the squirrel. The man said: "You are the boy I want for the position."

Why do you suppose he hired this boy? It was because he could keep his mind on one thing and follow it up. He never lost track of the squirrel, you see. We have a very long word for that. It is concentration. It means keeping your mind on what you are doing. The more I see of boys and girls the more I believe that they differ not so much in being dull or smart, but in the keeping their minds on their work.

The boy or girl who can do that will win. You know that if you throw a handful of loose snow against a window it will not break it, but if you pack the snow into a ball it will crash through the glass. The snow breaks the glass by being concentrated. That is what setting your mind to a thing

THE BOY AND THE SQUIRREL

does for your work. If a boy is thinking how he would like to be out playing ball all the time he is doing his geography lesson his mind scatters like dry snow, and he will not learn his lesson. And if a girl runs away to play before she has her work done, and keeps thinking of the work she left behind, she will not have her mind on her play. That is why we say to boys and girls: "Work while you work, and play while you play." Don't do things by halves.

"One thing at a time, and that done well
Is a very good rule, as many can tell."

When your mind rambles away from your work remember the boy and the squirrel.

XLI

A THANK-YOU MEETING

THERE was once a country which was suffering terribly from lack of rain. The brooks dried up so that the cattle had hard work to find drink. The trees drooped by the roadside, the crops were wilting, the grass was scorched, and the earth cracked open into great thirsty mouths beneath the sky. But no rain fell. The people were afraid there would be a famine in the land. So one day they all met together in the church and prayed that God would send them rain. Not long after great black clouds began to fill the sky, and soon the rain fell in sweet refreshing showers. The trees lifted up their leaves, the grain revived, and the little brooks sang merry songs as the water rushed over their stony beds. The people were very happy on account of the change.

A THANK-YOU MEETING

But there was a little boy in that country who was not happy like the rest. He was troubled about something. What do you think it was? It was this. He went to his mother and said, "Mother, when are they going to hold a thank-you meeting?"

His mother did not understand, and asked him what he meant by a "thank-you meeting." "Why," said the little boy, "when there was no rain all the people met to pray God to send rain. And now he has sent it, and they are not thanking Him for it."

That little boy was wiser than the grown-ups in his own country and in a great many other countries. Most people forget the thank-you meeting after God has given them what they pray for.

I hope you boys and girls will learn how to pray better than these people. Prayer is not always asking God for something, as some people think. The best kind of prayer often asks God for nothing at all, but just thanks Him for all the good things He gives

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

us to enjoy. Christ began many of His prayers by thanking God for things, before He asked for anything from God.

I wish that you boys and girls to-night when you go to bed would not say the prayer your parents taught you, but just make your prayer a "thank-you" prayer. Just think of all the good things God has given you, such as loving parents, comfortable homes, beautiful clothes, food to eat, and thank God for these things.

I hope that all of you also thank God for His blessings when you sit down to your meals. Some people call this "Asking the Blessing," and some, "Grace Before Meat." It is both. There will come a spirit into your hearts that will bless you all your days if you have a "thank-you" meeting before each meal.

But if you forget all else I say, don't forget that prayer is thanksgiving as well as asking for things. Why not make your prayer each Sunday night a "thank-you" prayer?

XLII

COLONEL BOGEY

IF you young people ever learn to play golf, you will have to play against a person you never saw. His name is Colonel Bogey. No one ever saw him, and no one knows what he looks like. But he plays against every golf-player in every game.

Who do you suppose Colonel Bogey is? I will tell you. He is a person who is supposed to play the game without making any mistakes, and at the end of the game the colonel is matched up against you and asks how many mistakes you have made. He does not ask whether you beat your partner, for your partner may be a poor player. He asks how perfect a game you have played. And when people think about Colonel Bogey they feel quite ashamed of their poor playing, although they may have been a better player than their opponent.

THE MAN WITH IRON' SHOES

I have often thought what a fine thing it would be for people to have a Colonel Bogey to play against in the game we call Life. Some people who think they are such fine fellows because they don't do some things their neighbours do would feel pretty small when the colonel came along and asked how they matched up with a perfect character.

It would be a fine thing for boys and girls, too, if instead of saying, "Well, I don't cheat like Mary," or, "I don't swear like Johnnie," to have some one who was perfect in character come along and say, "Yes, that is all very well, but would a perfect girl be disobedient to her mother?" or, "Would a perfect boy be impolite to old people?" You see, the colonel would catch us somewhere, and make us feel ashamed of our faults.

I said a moment ago I thought it would be a fine thing to have some such person to compare ourselves with. But there is such a person. Can you guess who? It is Jesus

COLONEL BOGEY

Christ. He is the Perfect One. And He came into the world so that people would not compare themselves with others and think how much better they were than they, but would ask themselves, "Would Christ do what I am doing?" He is the one you must compare yourself with, and not with other boys and girls.

XLIII

THE HOUSE BUILT ON SAND

OUTSIDE of the little village of Hudson, in New York State, there was a factory for making cement. There were powerful engines with huge boilers which turned the machinery by which large stones were crushed to powder. The tall, brick smokestacks from these boilers climbed a hundred feet into the air, and could be seen for miles. Near the factory was an enormous pile of stones weighing ninety thousand tons ready to be made into cement.

The factory was running along one afternoon just as usual. The engines were whirling and the stone crushers were rattling outside when suddenly the factory, the engines, the pile of stone and the great smokestacks began to sink slowly into the ground. This kept on until the stone-pile almost dis-

THE HOUSE BUILT ON SAND

appeared, the factory roof fell in and passed out of sight, and the tall smoke-stacks were almost buried.

What do you suppose was the trouble? It was this. They had built that factory over a bed of quicksand. There was a layer of clay over this sand, but when the weight became too heavy the clay gave way, and everything was swallowed up in the shifting sand below.

There are some people who build their characters just as those men built their factory, they build on sand. A boy, we will say, sets out by deceiving his parents in little things, and at first it does not seem to make much difference to his character. You look at him and he seems to be on a good solid foundation. But as the weeks go by he grows more and more deceitful. He gets into bad company, until finally he does some terrible thing and down goes his house. I knew of a boy in Brooklyn who used to go to bed every night regularly, but would slip down the piazza rail after his parents were

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

asleep, and go out burglarising with other boys. His parents knew nothing about it, of course. Then one terrible night a policeman called to tell them that their boy had been caught as a burglar and taken to jail, and had shot himself. That boy was building his house on the sands of deceit, and while it looked solid and strong, yet it collapsed like this cement factory.

Any boy or girl who is building his life day after day on deceit or falsehood or dishonesty is building on quicksand, and his house cannot stand. Do you remember what Christ said about this? He said: "Every one therefore that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon the rock. And everyone that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand;

THE HOUSE BUILT ON SAND

and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

Build your house of character on honesty, and truthfulness, and it will stand against the storms of temptation.

XLIV

A FOOL'S EYES

SOLOMON was the wise man of the Bible, and wrote down some very wise sayings about the men and women he met.

There was one kind of man whom Solomon calls a fool and of him he said: "A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth." That is a strange thing to say of a person, isn't it? You would think that a man's eyes were where the man was, but Solomon says this is not true of the fool. The fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth.

What did Solomon mean by that? I think he meant that a fool was always looking somewhere else than he should. The fool probably expected to be happy some day. But he said to himself: "I can't be now, of course, my happiness is at the other end of the world. I will go there and seek

A FOOL'S EYES

it." Of course, if he had known it, his happiness was right where he was, but he looked for it in the ends of the earth. Or perhaps this man said: "I am going to be rich some day, but, of course, I cannot get rich in this village, I shall have to move away to some far distant place. My chance to get rich is at the other end of the world." And so his eyes wandered off to the ends of the earth in search of riches. Or it may be he meant to be good some day, and he said to himself: "I should be good, but, of course, I can't be good amongst these people with whom I live. It is easier to be good somewhere else." So he thought of the far country in the ends of the earth where it would be easy to be good.

The world is full of such people. All the good things which they long for are in the ends of the earth, and they never see the good things right at hand. I heard the other day of a man who had lived all his life in Perth, Scotland, and he travelled thousands of miles to climb up Table Moun-

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

tain in order to get a view of Table Lake. When he looked at the view he said :

“That is the finest view I ever saw.”

“Yes,” said the Guide, “there is only one better, that is near Perth.”

“Do you come from Perth?” the man replied.

“Yes,” said the Guide, “I was born there.”

“Well, I must confess I have never seen the view of which you speak, although I have lived there all my life.” And so this man had travelled six thousand miles and climbed six thousand feet to see a view that was not as beautiful as one at his own door. Don’t you think that if Solomon had been there he would have said of him, “A fool’s eyes are in the ends of the earth”?

The lesson is this, children. Don’t put off your happiness until to-morrow. Don’t think that the good things are all far away. Enjoy what you have in your own home, your own school, your own street. You will find happiness there, or nowhere.

XLV

WEATHER-CLOCK CHILDREN

THERE is a friend of mine in New Hampshire who has one of the most interesting old clocks I ever saw. Most clocks are used to tell the time of day. But this clock not only tells the time of day, but it also foretells what sort of weather is coming.

How do you suppose it does this? I will tell you. Perched upon the top of the clock is a little house that looks something like a very small bird-house, and in this house are two doors separated only by a small strip of wood. Inside one of these doors is a little figure dressed like an old lady in a pink dress and white bonnet.

Inside the other door is a little figure dressed like an old man in a dark blue suit. Now, when it is going to be fair weather, out comes the old lady in her pink dress.

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Of course, people are always glad to see her. But when it is going to be stormy weather, she goes in, and out comes the old man in the blue suit. Nobody wishes to see him.

Whenever I look at that weather-clock I think of certain boys and girls whom I know. When I see some boys and girls come down the street or at a party I know that, like the old lady in the pink dress, they will bring fair weather with them. There will be sunshine and smiles and happy hearts, for these children are good-natured and thoughtful of others. And when I see some other boys and girls coming along I know they will bring storms with them, just as the little old man does. There will be quarrelling and bickering, and the games will be broken up. These boys and girls are quarrelsome and selfish, so they take a storm with them wherever they go. You all know what sort of boy he is when we say he is always carrying a chip on his shoulder. That means he is always looking for a fight.

WEATHER-CLOCK CHILDREN

Now no boy or girl can be happy when he always brings a storm with him. The Bible says that a "Merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Deep down in our hearts we all want to be happy and to see others happy. The little old man in the clock was so made that he never came out excepting when there was to be a storm. But every boy and girl can bring fair weather and sunshine with him if he will. When you are tempted to raise a storm, remember that if you use soft words the clouds will clear away and the sun will shine again. Be a fair-weather child, and not a storm-raiser whom nobody wishes to see coming along.

XLVI

GILL-NETS

ALL boys, and a great many girls, like to fish. When the ice breaks up in the spring and the worms come up to the surface of the earth, then you will see the boys out digging industriously for bait, for they feel the brooks calling to them to come and try their luck at fishing. There is no better sport for a boy than to get out into the open and match his wits against those of the fish. It sends him home hungry and teaches him something of patience and pluck.

But the fishing of which I shall speak to-day is not done with a hook and line. It is called gill-net fishing. The fisherman lowers nets down into the water, like a curtain, and fastens them to a float on the surface. Along come the fish, and when they try to get through the meshes of the net they find that they can only get their heads

GILL-NETS

through. But when they try to back out, the meshes catch in the back of their gills, and so there they are trapped, until the fisherman raises the net and lands them ashore.

I have often thought how many boys and girls get caught in sin just this way. I once knew a boy whose companions used to steal apples out of an orchard on their way home from school. He had been taught that it was wrong to take what didn't belong to him, and he would not go with them. But they got him to take some of the stolen apples and hide them for them at home. He did that. Then the next day the boys told him he had to come with them and steal apples or they would tell about the apples he took the day before. That frightened the boy, and so he went and stole for himself.

From stealing in the orchard he went on to stealing from the village stores, until at last he became an out-and-out thief with the police on his trail most of the time.

THE MAN WITH IRON SHOES

The lesson I want to teach is this. Keep your noses out of wrong-doing. That is, have nothing to do with it, or you will keep getting in deeper and deeper all the time, and finally cannot get out. The easiest way to get out of wrong is before you get in. Look out for the gill-nets of sin. Keep your noses out, and your heads will take care of themselves. It is easier to keep out of trouble than it is to get out after you are once in.

XLVII

HUDDLERS

I AM sure that all the boys and girls here have seen sheep pasturing in the fields out in the country. If a dog begins to chase these sheep they all scurry away together huddling up to each other as closely as can be. If they are cornered in a barnyard they will all crowd up close together, wild-eyed and frightened, and back as far away from danger as possible. Sheep are great cowards. They never stand alone. They always run with the crowd and depend upon each other for courage.

Deer are like sheep, too. When wolves attack a herd of deer the deer all huddle up close together and shake their heads, and stamp, and snort, but they have no courage by themselves. When wolves want to kill a deer they cut it out from the herd, for as

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soon as it gets away from the others its courage is broken, and it soon gives up the fight.

There are other kinds of animals that are not huddlers. A lion is not a huddler. A lion and his mate set off to face the whole world. They don't need to hunt in a pack like wolves when they go in search of food. And when they are attacked by man or beast they do not call in all the other lions to help them. They fight it out alone, each for himself. The eagle, the king of birds, also hunts alone, and not in a flock like robins and blackbirds. The lion and the eagle are very different from sheep and blackbirds. They are self-reliant, strong, and courageous.

Now, boys and girls are just like animals. There are some boys and girls that are huddlers. They never have any mind of their own. They always say what their companions say, and do what all the other boys and girls are doing. They are huddlers. They don't stand on their own feet and have their

HUDDLERS

own ideas. They always go with the crowd, like a stick on a stream of water. Such boys and girls are seldom courageous. There is nothing like huddling to make little cowards of boys and girls.

I am happy to say, however, that I have seen many boys and girls that were lion-hearted and dared to be lonesome, like the eagle. They had ideas of their own, and when their companions did wrong, they simply refused to go with the crowd. These are the boys and girls that become strong men and women. They will be the leaders when they grow up. I want all you boys and girls to avoid huddling.

Be lion-hearted. Stand on your own feet. Here is a motto for you. It is taken from an old hymn.

“Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
And dare to make it known.”

XLVIII

LAZY KATY

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Katy. She lived with her father and mother, and her mother used to give her part of the work to do. Katy was supposed to dust the living-room every day and pick up her own room. I am sorry to say that Katy was not very fond of work. As a matter of fact, I think we should have to say that Katy was lazy. She used to put off her work just as long as she could, and then she would dawdle through it in a half-hearted sort of way. You know how lazy girls do their work. She would pick up the dusting-cloth with a sigh, as much as to say, "O why was there ever such a thing as dust!" She would trail it lazily over one arm of a chair, leaving part of the dust on, and then go away and leave the other arm

LAZY KATY

untouched. When her mother saw it, Katy would have to do the room all over again, and so, like most lazy people, she made more work for herself than if she had done it right at first.

Well, one day Katy's mother went downtown in the morning and left Katy, as usual, to do the dusting. But when she was dusting this day a strange thing happened. You would never guess what it was. There was an old grandfather-clock in the room. It was a very tall, solemn looking clock that talked to itself slowly as it told the time. Katy had never paid much attention to it when she dusted, for she never gave it much of a dusting. She used to think of it as just another thing to collect dust and make work for her.

But to-day, as she poked along with the dusting, the clock seemed suddenly to be talking to her as the pendulum swung slowly to and fro. What do you think it said to her? It said, "La-zy Ka-ty, La-zy Ka-ty." Katy looked up from her work,

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and still it solemnly and reprovngly repeated the words.

For once Katy was ashamed of her laziness. She hurried through with the dusting, and then rushed upstairs to pick up her room. When she got there she went to her work with a will. She worked so hard that the little clock on her dresser scarcely knew her. Then suddenly it began to talk to her. It was a very busy little clock. It talked fast, and always seemed in a hurry. When Katy paused a moment to catch her breath what do you think the little clock said to her? It was this, "Busy-Katy, Busy-Katy, Busy-Katy." This pleased Katy very much. She never realised before that the clock said so much.

I wonder what the clock in your home would say if it watched you working. Would it be, "La-zy Ka-ty, La-zy Ka-ty," or would it be, "Busy-Katy, Busy-Katy, Busy-Katy"? Listen next time and see.

XLIX

WILLIE PORCUPINE AND JOHNNY BUNNY

WILLIE PORCUPINE and Johnny Bunny were great friends. They lived in the woods together just beyond the clearing back of a farmer's house. They used to get along famously together, because Johnny Bunny would always let Willie Porcupine have his own way. That was the only way you could get along with Willie Porcupine. You know there are many people like that?

You never saw two animals more unlike than these two friends. They looked different, they talked differently, their friends treated them differently. Willie Porcupine was always talking about his rights. He was always afraid some one was going to impose upon him. At the slightest excuse he would get his back up, and then his long, sharp quills would stick out like thorns all

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over his back. At such times he looked very ferocious and it was dangerous to come near him. And yet, the strange thing was that everybody seemed to want to deprive him of his rights.

Johnny Bunny on the other hand was a very mild little rabbit. He never said anything about his rights. He was very polite with people, and had always a cheery "Howdy" for people as he met them. He never went out looking for trouble, like Willie Porcupine. In fact, if he saw trouble brewing amongst his friends he always quietly slid away home. And yet Johnny Bunny seemed to have the freedom of the woods. There were no places that he had to keep out of, because he had quarrelled with the animals who lived there. He really had more rights in the wood than Willie Porcupine, who was always talking and fighting about his.

Then, too, somehow or other, the other animals just seemed to take delight in bothering Willie Porcupine. They would

PORCUPINE AND BUNNY

cut across the foot of his tree just to see him bristle up and show his teeth. In fact, some of them used to go out of their way to tease him. Johnny Bunny, on the other hand, let anyone that wished to, run over his mound. What did he care? If it made them happier he was glad to see them have the fun. But the animals liked Johnny Bunny and they would not disturb him for the world if they knew he was having a quiet nap. They would go a long way around not to wake him. And yet Johnny never ordered them off, as Willie Porcupine was constantly doing.

Well, one day Willie Porcupine got into trouble because he was so particular about his rights. He was down at the foot of his tree chatting with Johnny Bunny when along came the farmer's dog. Johnny Bunny slid away home and was out of sight in a flash. Not so Willie Porcupine. Instead of climbing up the tree out of the way, he stayed. That was his tree, and he wouldn't budge for any dog he ever saw.

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He was going to stand up for his rights. The dog made a rush for him and Willie just curled up in a ball with his quills sticking out like spears all over him. And when the dog tried to bite him he got his jaws full of quills which sent him away howling with pain. Willie was very proud of his victory, and chuckled to himself over the pain he had caused, and said to himself that he guessed that dog would respect his rights after that. But he chuckled too soon. The farmer came back in a few minutes with the dog, and the farmer had a gun. Willie stuck up for his rights against them both, but he was soon killed.

When Johnny Bunny came round next day to pay his usual visit Willie was no more. Only a few scattered quills told where Willie had made a last stand for his rights.

Johnny Bunny sat down to think it all over, and at the end of it he said to himself, "This is a strange world, and filled with strange people. Some folks are so particu-

PORCUPINE AND BUNNY

lar about getting their rights that they get everyone down on them and they don't seem to have any rights left worth having. And, what is the use of your rights, anyway, if you kill yourself keeping them? Poor Willie's tree, which he was so proud of, is still here. But what is the use of a tree when you are dead? Willie's rights were the death of him. I never yet fought for my rights, and yet I have them. Willie always fought for his and never had them. I think I should rather have more friends and fewer rights. At least, I should rather be alive with fewer rights, than dead fighting for what I thought was due me."

L

SODA-WATER CHILDREN

I KNOW that all the boys and girls like soda-water. They like to go to the soda-water fountain and see the nice fizzy drink made up by the man in the white coat behind the counter.

It is great fun, too, when you go away for a picnic to take with you bottles of soda, and to hear them pop when you take the caps off, and then watch the froth boil over the top.

Whenever I see a soda-water bottle opened, and the froth come fizzing out, I think of a certain kind of boys and girls I know. They are soda-water children.

Perhaps they have done something wrong and their mother says something to them about it, and as soon as she begins to talk to them it is just like taking the top off

SODA-WATER CHILDREN

a soda bottle. They just begin to fizz and run over. They begin to explain how some other boy or girl just *made* them do what was wrong, or else they tell how it was some one else, and not they, who did the mischief.

If they have failed to get their lesson and some one speaks about it, they have a dozen excuses ready to pop out and they just fizz over with explanations. If some one tries to tell them the right way to do a thing they begin to fizz over and tell what they know about it and you can't get a word in.

The soda-water child has a poor chance to get on in this world, because instead of listening to advice, he is always explaining how he is right. Of course, you can't do both these things at once, any more than you can fill a soda bottle while it is fizzing over.

If any of you are fizzers, I hope you will get over it at once. You will miss instruction while you are trying to tell others what you know, and you will keep on doing

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wrong unless you listen to the reproof of those who correct you. Don't fizz. Be like an empty bottle. Keep still and let people pour into your ears what you should know.

LI

THE BOY JESUS

WHEN children look at pictures of the grown-up Christ it is hard for them to think that Jesus was ever a little barefoot boy running about the streets of Nazareth, and playing with the other children just as boys and girls do to-day.

But I like to think of Jesus as a real live boy who enjoyed playing in the street, and went fishing and swimming just like other boys.

I want to picture to you the boy Jesus this morning so that you, too, will think of him as a boy. Jesus did not dress like the boys of to-day. He wore a white cotton gown, and nearly always went without shoes and stockings and without any hat. He had only two meals a day, one in the morning and one at night. His mother used to bake

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round, flat cakes for him on a thin stone over a fire. Sometimes he had fish, but it was very seldom that he had meat. But he did have butter and cheese and porridge, and often curdled milk. He used to sit on the floor to eat, and his father would give thanks before and after the meal.

His father and mother were very poor, and they lived in a one-roomed cottage without any windows. The walls were made of clay. There were no pictures or books in his home. When there was a fire the smoke went out of the door or a hole in the roof, much like an Indian's wigwam. The roof of the house was flat, and it was reached by stairs from the outside. Jesus slept on the roof, and had to carry his bed up every night and bring it down in the morning. But there were no bedsteads on his bed. It was simply a rug or thin mattress. By day the mattresses were rolled and put on a shelf in the living-room.

When it grew dark at night they used to light the house with a lamp that looked like

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a gravy bowl. The lamp was made of clay and was much the colour of a red brick. In this lamp was oil, but no kerosene, for there was no kerosene in use in those days. The wick of the lamp looked like a piece of clothes-line.

Christ had no school-books. He learned his letters from a Bible which looked like a rolling-pin with a long strip of paper wound around it. There were no desks in the schoolroom. The school-teacher sat on the floor, and the children sat around him in a group. Sometimes the teacher had to whip the children even in those days. Christ had more holidays than the boys and girls to-day. Every new moon Christ had a holiday from school. Then in the spring and autumn there were still other holidays. I think the holiday he must have liked best was the one which they called the "Feast of the Tabernacles," for then all the people camped out in little tents made of leafy boughs.

Two favourite games which the boys and

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girls of Christ's boyhood played were "Wedding" and "Funeral." When they played wedding the boys danced and shouted, and when they played funeral they would form a procession and pretend to weep. I don't think Jesus ever made mud-pies, but he played a game something like it. He and his playmates used to make birds and animals out of clay, and I suppose they got their clothing just as dirty as if they had made mud-pies.

He used to see the Roman soldiers go swaggering through the streets, and, of course, he admired the uniform, the flashing helmet and spear and he probably ran down the street after the procession.

There were no hand-organs in Christ's day, but men sometimes came through town and sang songs to the people in the market-place, or told stories of strange countries where they had travelled, or of adventures they had had.

If Christ were a boy of to-day he would play the same games that you boys play.

THE BOY JESUS

He played different games from you, because he lived in a different time and different land.

And because Christ was once a boy, like other boys, He understands boys and girls. He knows what they mean when they talk to him in prayer. He always loved children when He was here on earth, and I know He loves them still. You will think of Him sometimes when you play your games, and you will remember that He sees and understands. And when you go to church you will remember that as a boy He used to like to go to church.

If you think of Him in this way He will be very near to you, and you will grow to be obedient and lovable just as He was.

LII

THE HANDKERCHIEF AT THE DOOR

GENERAL GORDON was one of the greatest generals England ever produced. He was a Christian as well as a soldier. When he was on a campaign in the Soudan, in Egypt, he attended church every Sunday, and his officers assisted in the service by taking up the offering.

But General Gordon not only showed his religion by faithfully attending church on Sunday. He used to set aside time every day for reading the Bible and for prayer.

At such times he did not wish to be molested, and he would put a handkerchief at the door of his tent to show that he was to be left alone.

I suppose that boys do not usually think of soldiers as being religious. But some of the greatest fighters the world has ever seen

HANDKERCHIEF AT THE DOOR

have been the best Christians. Another great English general was John Havelock, and he was known as the Christian Warrior, and he wasn't ashamed of the name.

Boys sometimes think that it is an unmanly thing to be a Christian, to go to Sunday school and church and to pray.

The great men of the world tell us differently. Being a Christian does not make a boy a "sissy." It puts manhood and courage into him.

When another boy makes fun of you for trying to be Christ-like, think of Gordon and Havelock, of Washington and Lincoln, who were Christians and weren't ashamed to have everyone know it. Many a boy who makes fun of you would like to have your courage, but he is a coward, and wants you to be another one just like him.

FIFTY-TWO STORY TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS

"To preach well to children is a high art, and in this particular, at least, the author of this volume is a genuine artist. These talks are natural, genial, sensible, vital and yet simple enough to be understood by children. We envy Mr. Chidley's ability as a children's preacher."

Watchman-Examiner (Boston)

"THE sermons are wide-awake, forceful and timely. Witness some of the titles, 'Tire Trouble,' 'Poison Labels,' and 'Lies That Walk.' Good for mothers and teachers to study as well as preachers."

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"CHILDREN'S sermons enough to keep a minister going a year are in this volume. The author made a success of his children's sermons preached to the boys and girls of his congregation at the regular morning service. Many of the stories are Biblical, some are derived from classics and others are gotten out of current life. They are interesting, practical and must have done

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the children good. Many ministers will find them valuable for suggestions."

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"HERE is a book of great interest and value to all. The titles of some of the little sermonettes are: 'A Bible Riddle,' 'The Whispering Gallery,' 'Tire Trouble,' 'Suffocated Trees,' and many others. There is a mystery about the titles that will appeal to the children, and there is something about the subject matter that holds the attention of the reader to the last word. The author, the Rev. Howard J. Chidley, has the power of putting the moral into a story in such a way as to make it stick in the child's mind.

Every minister and worker with the Juniors should have the book."

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FIFTY-TWO STORY TALKS

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Christian Intelligencer (New York)

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